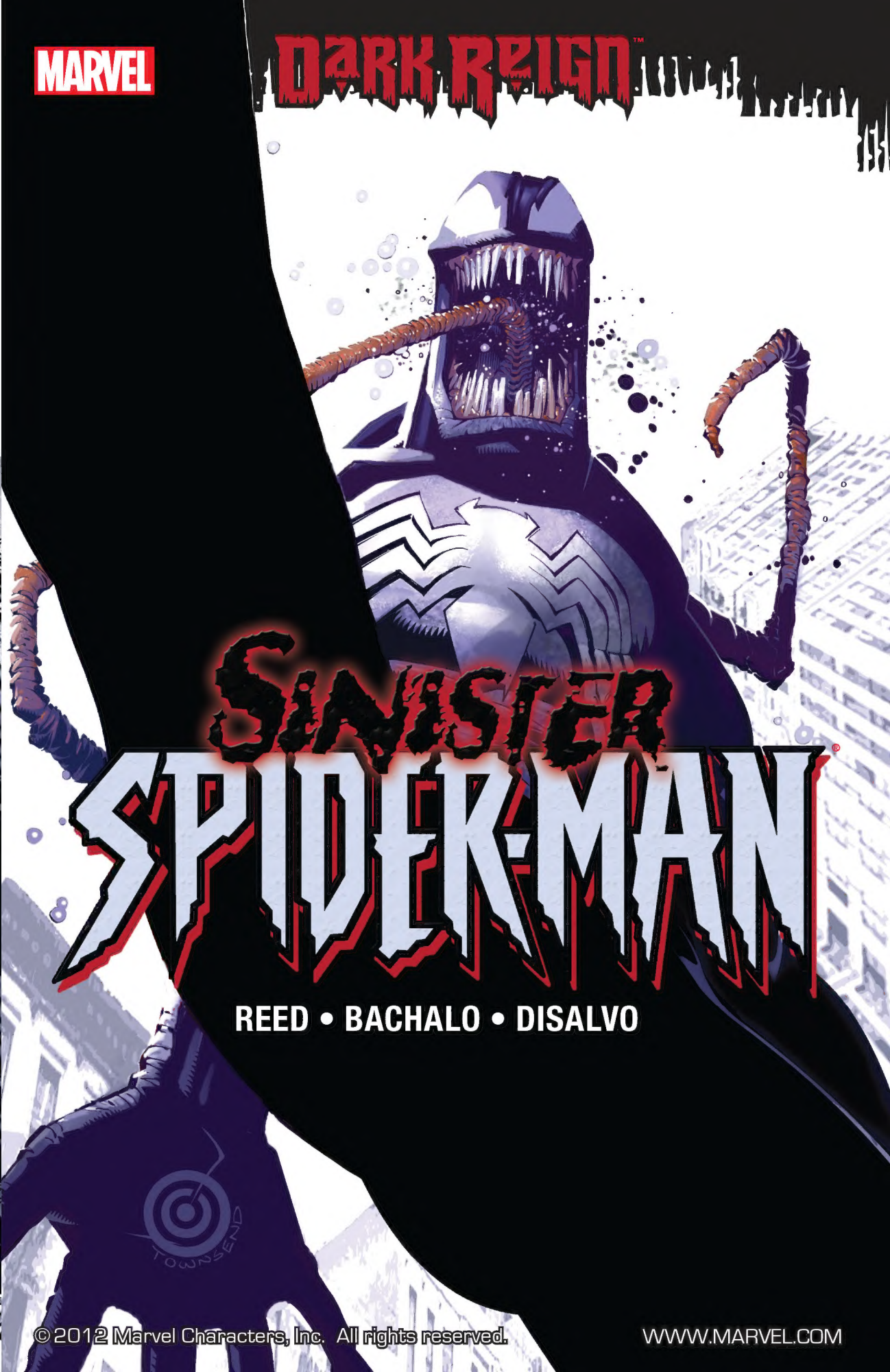

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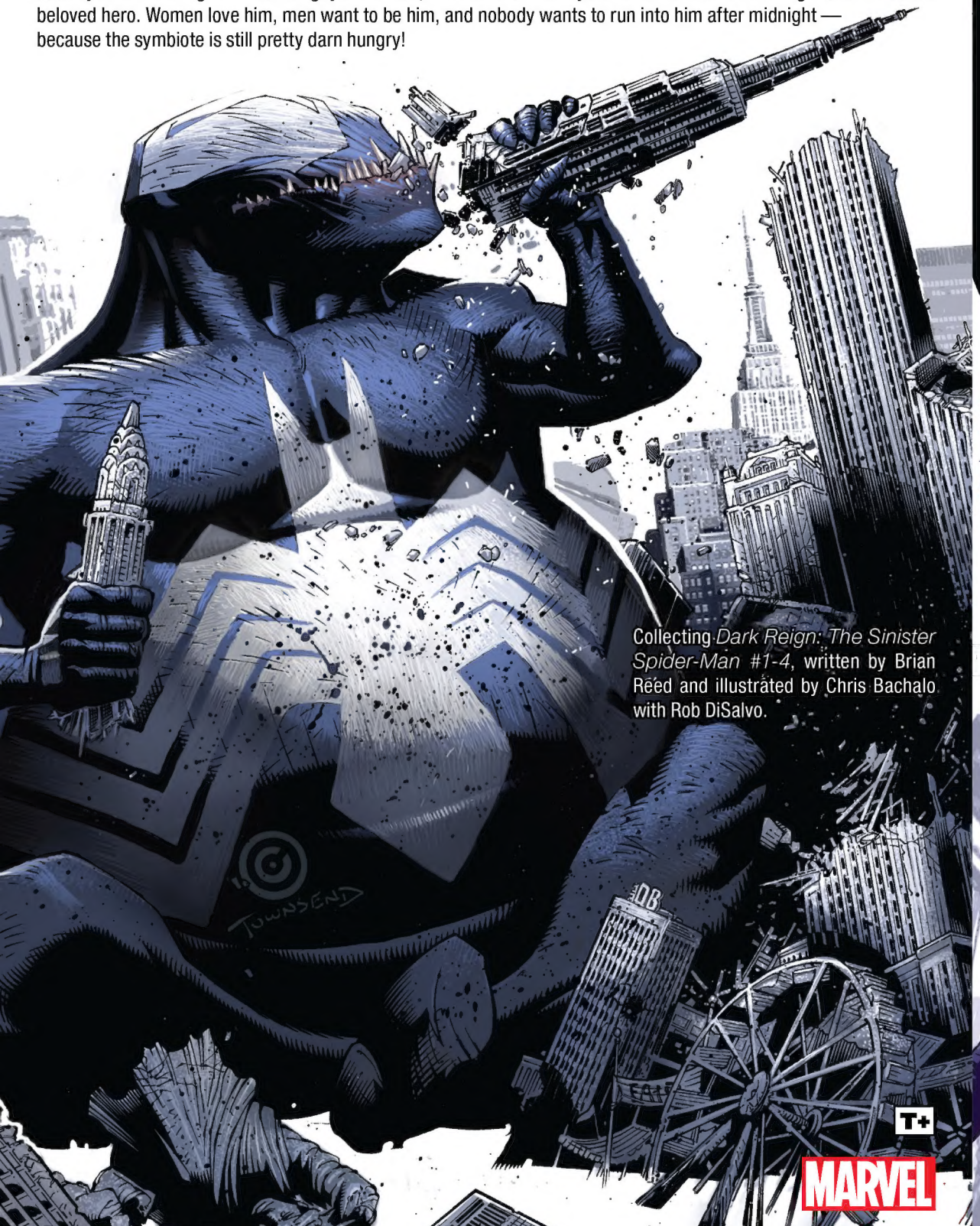
HE AIN'T FRIENDLY, AND THIS AIN'T YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD!

Yes, Mac Gargan, America's favorite sociopath-turned-symbiote-host-turned-hero-hunter now takes the spotlight as Norman Osborn's sinister Spider-Man. With the Dark Reign-a-raining, the lives of our Mighty Marvel heroes are being destroyed left and right — but for guys like Mac, the world is their oyster and the chef's covering the bill. Mac's a beloved hero. Women love him, men want to be him, and nobody wants to run into him after midnight — because the symbiote is still pretty darn hungry!



Collecting *Dark Reign: The Sinister Spider-Man* #1-4, written by Brian Reed and illustrated by Chris Bachalo with Rob DiSalvo.

T+

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DARK REIGN™

SINISTER SPIDER-MAN®

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SINISTER SPIDER-MAN®

MARVEL LIMITED SERIES
1 of 4

REED
BACHALO
TOWNSEND

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WANTED

~~DEAD OR~~ ALIVE

NAME: MacDonald "Mac" Gargan
ALIASES: The Scorpion, Venom
HEIGHT: Variable
WEIGHT: Variable

IF SEEN, PLEASE CONTACT:
ANTHONY DIAL
PRODUCTION

Gargan's one of the all-time great lowlifes; an unscrupulous private eye who volunteered to get genetically engineered into the super-human Scorpion, Gargan got locked in a vicious cycle of low-impact crime and high-impact beatdowns from Spider-Man.

All that changed when he bonded with the Venom symbiote and became a new Venom - one with even more power than its previous incarnation, Eddie Brock - and none of Brock's conscience. Gargan was recruited by the US Government to hunt down superhumans who didn't comply with the Superhuman Registration Act.

Serving under the leadership of Norman Osborn, (the former Green Goblin and all-around sociopathic billionaire), Gargan became increasingly unhinged and violent, devouring limbs and sometimes whole people in the heat of combat. When Osborn ascended to leadership of all things superhuman in the United States, he brought Gargan along to be a member of his Avengers team in the guise of Spider-Man...

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AHHHHH, THAT IS RIGHT, YOU PITIFUL WEAKLINKS! YOUR MONIES ARE BELONK TO ME!

GENERAL WOLFRAM! GENETIC TERROR OF THE THIRD REICH!

OPEN

THIS FINE SPECIMEN OF A TOTAL MORON IS GENERAL WOLFRAM.

AKA: CLAUDE CRAMER.

AKA: "LUNCH".

OOF!

BEHOLD GENETIC MASTERY, NEW YORK!

BEHOLD THE POWER OF NAZI SCIEN--

SCUSE ME, GENERAL WOLFRAM...

KRAK

THE SINISTER SPIDER-MAN
CHAPTER ONE
WOMEN LOVE HIM, MEN WANT TO BE HIM

BRIAN REED writer
CHRIS BACHALO pencils
TIM TOWNSEND inks
ANTONIO FABELA color guides
CHRIS BACHALO final colors
JARED K. FLETCHER letterer

editor THOMAS BRENNAN
supervising editor STEPHEN WACKER
executive editor TOM BREVOORT
editor in chief JOE QUESADA
publisher DAN BUCKLEY
executive producer ALAN FINE

...THE WORLD'S CHANGED, BOSS.

YOU KNOW THERE'S NEW RULES IN THIS TOWN. AND YA BROKE THOSE RULES.

SO NOW I'M GONNA HAFTA EAT YA.

WHO AM I?

NAME'S MAC GARGAN. BUT IF SOMEBODY SAID I WAS THE GOOD GUY...

IF SOMEBODY TOLD YOU I WAS JUST YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN...

SOMEBODY LIED.

THIS BEING A SUPER HERO THING AIN'T SO BAD, REALLY.

BEAT UP A SCHMUCK HERE OR THERE.

GET ADORED BY THE ADORING MASSES.

AND THE PERKS... WELL, THERE *ARE* PERKS.

GRAB AN ASS OR THREE, STICK YOUR TONGUE DOWN A GIRL'S THROAT.

FELLA COULD GET USED TO THIS.

I COULD JUST EAT YOU UP.

ANY TIME, SPIDEY!

YOU ROCK, SPIDEY!

YOU'RE THE BEST!

I WANNA HAVE YER BAAAABIES!

THANKS, EVERYONE. TIME TO DELIVER THIS EVILDOER TO THE POLICE!

(OR SOMETHING.)

OKAY, GENERAL WOLFRAM. TIME FOR YOU TO MAKE THIS UP TO ME.

AHHH!

FIRST OF ALL, I'LL TAKE THAT.

COUPLE HUNDRED GRAND HERE.

GOOD HAUL.

YOU SCHVINE!

ZWIP

HURNNK!

AW, COME ON!

THE HECK IS YOUR PROBLEM, BRO?

I KNEW THAT ACCENT WAS FAKE.

LISTEN, WOLFY...

I'M HUNGRY.

SO?

WHAT ARE YOU--*HEY!*

YOU'RE SPIDER-MAN!

YOU DON'T HURT NOBODY!

WRONG.

CASTLE WOLFENSTEIN'S FURRY SUIT IS GONNA GET STUCK IN MY TEETH.

I JUST KNOW IT.

I LOVE SPIDER-MAN!

I LOVE HIM!

THAT'S DEXTER BENNETT.

PUBLISHES THE DB.

I DON'T READ NOTHING MY LAWYER DON'T MAKE ME.

SINCE WHEN?!

SINCE ALWAYS, BRANT! TRY TO KEEP UP.

WOMEN LOVE HIM!

MEN WANT TO BE HIM!

I DON'T. ACTUALLY, I THINK HE'S CREEPY--

NOT ENTIRELY TRUE, EITHER--

ALL OF YOU, SHUT IT.

I WANT SPIDER-MAN INTERVIEWED BY OUR STAFF, AND I WANT IT YESTERDAY!

WHO IS SPIDER-MAN?

WHO IS HE SLEEPING WITH?

MISTER BENNETT, THERE'S A PRESS CONFERENCE STARTING AT CITY HALL IN TWENTY--

DOES HE DO IT ON THE CEILING?

IF HE'S SPIDER-MAN, WHERE ARE THE OTHER FOUR APPENDAGES?

THE PEOPLE WANT TO KNOW THESE THINGS!

I'LL BE AT CITY HALL IF ANYONE NEEDS ME.

EXCUSE ME, MISTER BENNETT, DIDN'T WE JUST SPEND THE LAST FEW MONTHS ACCUSING SPIDER-MAN OF MURDER?

LAST WEEK'S NEWS, JENNIFER!

NOBODY REMEMBERS THAT!

I WANT TO KNOW WHERE SPIDER-MAN IS RIGHT THIS INSTANT!

AND THEN I WANT HIM IN HERE!

TALKING TO THE DB!

BONGO

SO, CANDY--

I'M CHERRY.

HERE'S A LOT OF MONEY THAT SAYS YOU'RE CANDY.

HI, MY NAME'S CANDY.

THAT'S CANDY.

WHERE'S DESTINY?

I LIKE CANDY.

I USED TO LIKE DESTINY.

BUT SHE FIGURED OUT I WASN'T THE REAL SPIDER-MAN...

NOBODY'S SEEN HER IN DAYS.

NOBODY'S LOOKING FOR HER?

IN *THIS* TOWN?

SO IF YOU WENT MISSING... WHO'D COME LOOKING FOR YOU?

WHAT KIND OF GUY ASKS THAT QUESTION?

HEH.

I USED TO BE MAC GARGAN, PRIVATE EYE.

J. JONAH JAMESON HIRED ME TO FIGURE OUT WHO SPIDER-MAN WAS.

RESULT WAS ME GETTING MY ASS KICKED BY SPIDER-MAN AND SPENDING TIME IN PRISON.

JAMESON? HE GOT TO BE MAYOR.

EVENTUALLY, I WAS FUSED WITH THE ALIEN SYMBIOTE *VENOM*...

BUT NOW I'M AN AVENGER, AND EVERYBODY THINKS I'M SPIDER-MAN.

SO I FIGURE IT'S TIME TO PUT J. JONAH JAMESON IN HIS PLACE.

CITY HALL...

SINCE YOU WERE ELECTED, MAYOR JAMESON, CRIME HAS RISEN 7%.

THAT'S NONSENSE AND YOU KNOW IT.

LOOK AT HIM. A GROWN MAN--MAYOR OF THE *WORLD'S GREATEST CITY*--WITH THAT *HAIRCUT*.

WITH THAT *MUSTACHE!*

I LITERALLY *EAT PEOPLE* FOR *BREAKFAST* AND I DON'T HAVE THE CAJONES TO GROW A *HITLER 'STACHE*.

IT'S IN THE NUMBERS DISTRIBUTED BY *YOUR* OFFICE.

AH. RIGHT. THOSE NUMBERS WERE PRELIMINARY DATA.

PROJECTIONS, IF YOU WILL, OF, UH, A *WORST CASE SCENARIO* IF WE WERE TO DO *NOTHING*.

BUT WE *ARE* DOING SOMETHING. SO THOSE NUMBERS ARE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

FAIR ENOUGH...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, EXACTLY?

EXCUSE ME, MISTER MAYOR?

WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED IN THERE?

SOMEONE LEAKED OUR CRIME STATISTICS.

SOMEONE WHO?!

JONAH?

BRANT, IT'S MISTER MAYOR NOW.

YER'ONNER.

HIZ'ONNER.

ALL OF THAT STUFF.

MISTER MAYOR?

SEE, BRANT? HE'S GOT THE HANG OF IT.

I GOT HERE AFTER THE PRESS CONFERENCE AND I WANTED TO SEE IF YOU--

MISTER MAYOR--

NO. I WON'T. BUT IT'S NOT BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE YOU, BRANT.

JONAH, JUST--

MISTER MAYOR--

I LIKE YOU, YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT? THE WORK YOU DO.

YOU EVER WANT OUT OF THAT *CESSPIT* BENNETT'S RUNNING, I MIGHT HAVE A PLACE FOR YOU IN OUR ADMINISTRATION.

MISTER MAYOR, I'M DOCTOR SHEP GUNDERSON AND I WOULD LIKE TO DISCUSS--

NO TIME, DOCTOR. NO TIME.

I'VE GOT A THREE O'CLOCK MEETING TO GET TO.

THANKS FOR VISITING CITY HALL!

ACTUALLY, MISTER MAYOR, DOCTOR GUNDERSON IS YOUR THREE P.M.

IS THAT A FACT?

YES, SIR.

THEN HOP TO IT, DOCTOR. WHAT'S THE HEADLINE?

I WANTED TO DISCUSS A SUPER VILLAIN REHABILITATION PROGRAM I THINK YOU WOULD FIND MOST INTEREST--

REHABILITATION, YOU SAY?

YES. MY PLAN IS TO TAKE CONVICTED SUPER VILLAINS AND--

THAT'S WHERE IT DOESN'T WORK FOR ME, DOCTOR.

IF THEY'RE ALREADY SUPER VILLAINS THEN THEY'VE, ALREADY COMMITTED A CRIME!

THAT CRIME IS ON MY CITY'S BOOKS AND IT MEANS MY CRIME RATE IS THROUGH THE ROOF!

NO, SIR. I WANT CRIME STOPPED *BEFORE* IT STARTS!

GOOD DAY TO YOU, DOCTOR.

MISS BRANT.

YEAH! RGAN!
YOOOOOU! SHOOK ME ALL NIGHT LOOOONG! RGAN!
WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?
AND WHO IS THIS?
I'M CANDY, PRESIDENT OSBORN.
AND WHY IS SHE HERE?
SHE'S WITH ME.
SHE STAYS HERE WHILE WE TALK.
THERE A PROBLEM?
I UNDERSTAND SPIDER-MAN INTERRUPTED A BANK ROBBERY.
AH, HEARD ABOUT THAT, HUH?
THE POLICE WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE MONEY WENT.
AND WHY SOME DOLT CALLING HIMSELF "GENERAL WOLFRAM" HAS ONE FEWER ARM THAN WHEN HE WAS LAST SEEN WITH YOU.
KRRCH
I BET THEY DO.

THE RULES WERE SIMPLE.

NONE OF YOU AVENGERS LEAVE THE TOWER WITHOUT MY PERMISSION.

NONE OF YOU INTERACT WITH THE PUBLIC WITHOUT MY PERMISSION.

I GOT YOUR PERMISSION TO FART?

BECAUSE LET ME TELL YA, OSBORN, I NEED TO LET ONE--

LISTEN TO ME, YOU FREAK.

I MADE YOU.

I WILL UNMAKE YOU JUST AS QUICK.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

SURE, NORMIE.

I UNDERSTAND YOU JUST FINE.

NORMAN OSBORN...

YOU JUST MADE MY LIST.

LOOK AT YOU...SO SAD AND PITIFUL.

HUH?

WHO'RE YOU?

DO YOU KNOW THE NAME *FRANK CASTLE*?

HOLY @#$%! YOU'RE *THE PUNISHER*?!

ACTUALLY, I WAS JUST CHECKING IF YOU KNEW HIS NAME.

NO, YOU SEE, I'M NOT FRANK CASTLE.

I'M DOCTOR SHEP GUNDERSON. I WORK HERE AT THE HOSPITAL.

BUT YOU, *TROUBLED SOUL*, CAN CALL ME...

THE REDEEMER!

I'VE COME TO SAVE YOU FROM *YOURSELF!*

GRACIE MANSION...

IF I'M REAL HONEST, I DON'T REALLY REMEMBER MUCH AFTER COMING UP WITH THE IDEA.

I THOUGHT IT WAS A GREAT SPEECH, YOUR HONOR.

YES, WELL, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TELL THE PRESS THAT, SHLEPLY.

BUT IT WAS A PRETTY NEAT IDEA, SO I'M GLAD I THOUGHT OF IT.

ALL I WANT TO DO IS GO TO BED AND FORGET THIS WHOLE THING.

I JUST WISH I COULDA SEEN JAMESON'S FACE...

I WOULDA SAID, "J. JONAH JAMESON, YOU RUINED MY LIFE."

"NOW IT'S MY TURN TO RUIN YOURS."

IT'S A SHAME. THOUGH. I REALLY LIKED CANDY.

SOMEWHERE REAL WEIRD...

I'M SO VERY HAPPY ALL OF YOU COULD BE HERE.

I'M JUST SO SUPER-PSYCHED ABOUT THE WHOLE THING, I AM!

YES!

I'VE BEEN TALKING WITH EACH OF YOU INDIVIDUALLY, OF COURSE, AND WE'VE ALL HAD SOME PRETTY GREAT CHATS ABOUT WHAT LANDED YOU HERE.

THIS PLACE, AND MY WORK HERE AS *THE REDEEMER*, IS ABOUT CURING *EVIL* AND HELPING *YOU* FIND *YOUR* WAY IN THE WORLD.

NAMELY, THE *EVIL* THAT PUT ALL OF YOU IN HERE.

BUT I'VE COME TO REALIZE THAT THE MAYOR WAS RIGHT. REHABILITATION *ISN'T* ENOUGH.

NOT WHEN THE *REAL EVIL* IS STILL OUT THERE.

THE HIPPO

DOCTOR EVERYTHING

DEMENTOID

ELEVEN

GENERAL WOLFRAM

I SPEAK, OF COURSE, OF...

The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

SPIDER-MAN

REDEEM HIM

WE MUST FIND HIM.

FIND HIM...

AND REDEEM HIM.

SHOULD I LAUGH MENACINGLY NOW?

TO BE CONTINUED!

the SINISTER SPIDER-MAIL

Send e-mail to
SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM
(please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

Howdy, folks! Your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man Mac Gargan here with some pearls o'wisdom from my life as America's most beloved private detective-turned-super villain-turned-hero hunter-turned hero – can ya believe that?! I'm a super hero. Like two years ago I was hiding out in sewers, beatin' up jerks and eating alligators. Now I'm still doing that, but I'm getting paid for it. On the tax payer's dime no less! But I'm not ungrateful, so to show my thanks, I'm here to listen to your problems. Yes, we call this *Mac-N-Sleeze* – you dish the dirt on your life, I'll tell you what I think. C'mon, how can you not trust a face like this?

So the doctor is in! Our first question comes from the Pacific Northwest. Ooooh, and it's from a lady type...

Dear Mac,
My boyfriend's asking me to move in with him, but I'm just not ready to make that commitment. Still, I don't wanna hurt his feelings, he means the world to me. What should I do?
--Samantha, Seattle, WA

Samantha, Relationships are hard work, no doubt about it. And ultimately it's a give and a take. My last relationship lasted a whole 46 minutes (she was delicious with a side of home fries, though!) but ultimately, you have to be honest with yourself and your boyfriend. And if that doesn't work, send him to me. I haven't eaten in 20 minutes. Our next letter's out of Buffalo, New York

Hey Mac-Attack!
My dad and I keep getting into fights – mainly about the car. He thinks I'm too young to borrow it for a weekend trip, but I'm seventeen years old – I'm about to graduate from high school, man! He just doesn't respect me; he never treats me like a man, just a stupid kid. What should I do?
--Tyrone, Buffalo, NY

Aww man, I thought I said only chicks could write me! Fine, you wanna talk "daddy issues," my boy the Venom Symbiote can talk all about that. Take it away, Symby!

WE WERE ONCE BONDED TO ANOTHER WHO DID NOT TREAT US AS EQUALS – SPIDER MAN!!!!! HE USED US AND THREW US AWAY... SO WE FOUND ANOTHER -- BROCK... BROCK WAS WEAK! TOO WEAK! SO WE FOUND ANOTHER...OUR CURRENT ONE...GARGAN HE GIVES US WHAT WE NEED! YES!

Alright, that's gettin' weird. The lesson here, Tyrone, is that you only have one dad so try and work it out. Otherwise you could end up like Symby here, stuck in a vicious cycle of substitute father figures, like some washed-up private eye who does nothing but drink all day, eat dancers and generally exploit his boss. Say... that's the guy you should talk to, my boss, Norman Osborn! He's got a kid...I think...he'd probably know what to say. Try calling him. Next question comes from way down in the Big Easy.

Dear Mac,
WHY?!!?!?!?!?!?!?!
--Stophe, New Orleans

::GULP:: Sorry, did someone say something?

Dear Mr. Gargan,
Lately I've been a bit on edge. I'm 25 and feel a sort of arrested development – I'm trapped between childhood and adulthood. When did you feel you were really guiding your own life?
--Rachel, Jacksonville, FL.

I'm not gonna lie to ya, Racheroo, I pretty much been doin' what I want, when I want to since Flat-top Jameson turned me into the Scorpion. When you're super-powered like me, you let your feet and fists do the talking and walking. But I think the real key is the moment you choose to do what you love because you want to, not because you have to. Take me for example – I've been at this game a long time, but I really didn't hit my stride till I ate Steel Spider's arm. It wasn't because I *could* do it – it's because I wanted to do it. That's how I roll now – cuz I *want* to. Mmm... that story takes me back...

Dear Mr. Sinister Spider-Man,
So I've got this girl. Her name is Samantha. She's really nice, really pretty, we really connect. And I'm trying to hold her held hostage in my tower for the next two weeks. The relationship's been really, really fun. But at the same time I'm worried that if she does take my offer and move in, I'm just going to get bored and leave her hogtied under a bridge for the authorities rather than taking the plunge and demanding ransom and proclaiming that I'll disintegrate her in 24 hours unless the Great Lakes Avengers leave the Earth... forever. I mean, I really think she's amazing, but how long should it take before I'm able to decide she's the one?
--"Ned," Seattle, WA.

Ned, I'm going to rely on an old chestnut here – "If you love someone, set them free. If they come back, they're yours. If they don't, they never were in the first place." It's always worked for me. 'Course, I usually set them free after biting off a leg or two, so there is only so far they can go. But I figure if they really wanted to get away, they'd crawl faster and cry a lot less.

Dear Spider-Venom-Orpion,
WHYYYY?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!!!!
::sobs:: WHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY?! WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY?!
--Joe W., Park Slope, NY

Another one of you guys? Jeez, do you guys have a chatroom you all coordinate this from? Fine, you wanna know why...

::GULP::

There, that's why. Well that's all for me. Have a good month, oh vile tread-mark that is humanity. I'm gonna go look up Steel Spider...see if that other arm's still on 'im...

Seeya in 30!
-Mac

Tom Brennan, Editor | Stephen Wacker, Supervising Editor | Tom Brevoort, Executive Editor | Joe Quesada, Editor in Chief | Dan Buckley, Publisher | Alan Fine, Executive Producer

MARVEL LIMITED SERIES

2 of 4

DARK REIGN™

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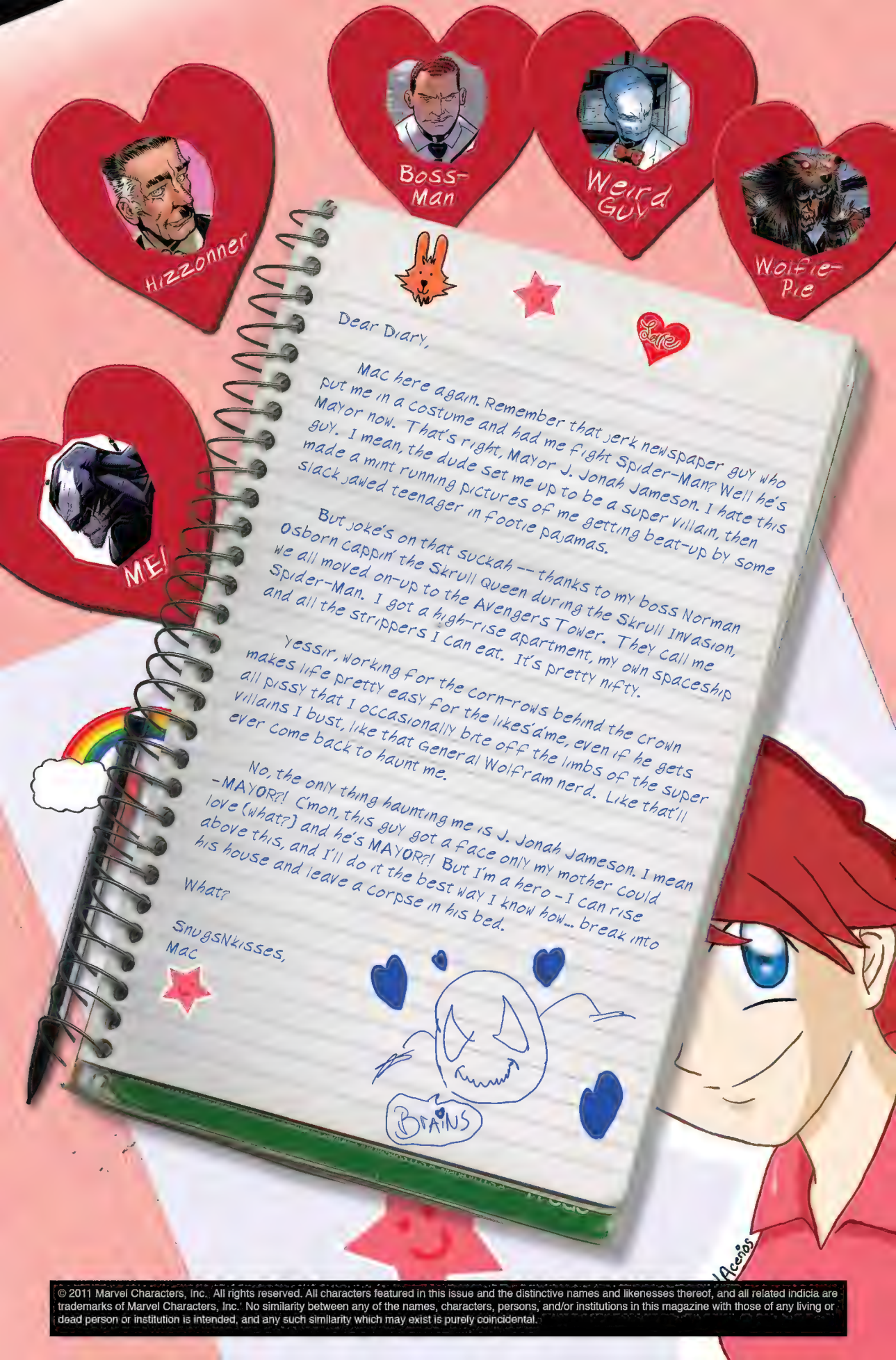
Hizzonner
Boss-Man
Weird Guy
Wolfie-Pie
ME!
Dear Diary,
Mac here again. Remember that jerk newspaper guy who put me in a costume and had me fight Spider-Man? Well he's Mayor now. That's right, Mayor J. Jonah Jameson. I hate this guy. I mean, the dude set me up to be a super villain, then made a mint running pictures of me getting beat-up by some slack jawed teenager in footie pajamas.
But joke's on that suckah -- thanks to my boss Norman Osborn cappin' the Skrull Queen during the Skrull Invasion, we all moved on-up to the Avengers Tower. They call me Spider-Man. I got a high-rise apartment, my own spaceship and all the strippers I can eat. It's pretty nifty.
Yessir, working for the corn-rows behind the crown makes life pretty easy for the likes'a me, even if he gets all pissy that I occasionally bite off the limbs of the super villains I bust, like that General Wolfram nerd. Like that'll ever come back to haunt me.
No, the only thing haunting me is J. Jonah Jameson. I mean -MAYOR?! C'mon, this guy got a face only my mother could love (what?) and he's MAYOR?! But I'm a hero - I can rise above this, and I'll do it the best way I know how... break into his house and leave a corpse in his bed.
What?
SnugsNkisses,
Mac
BRAINS

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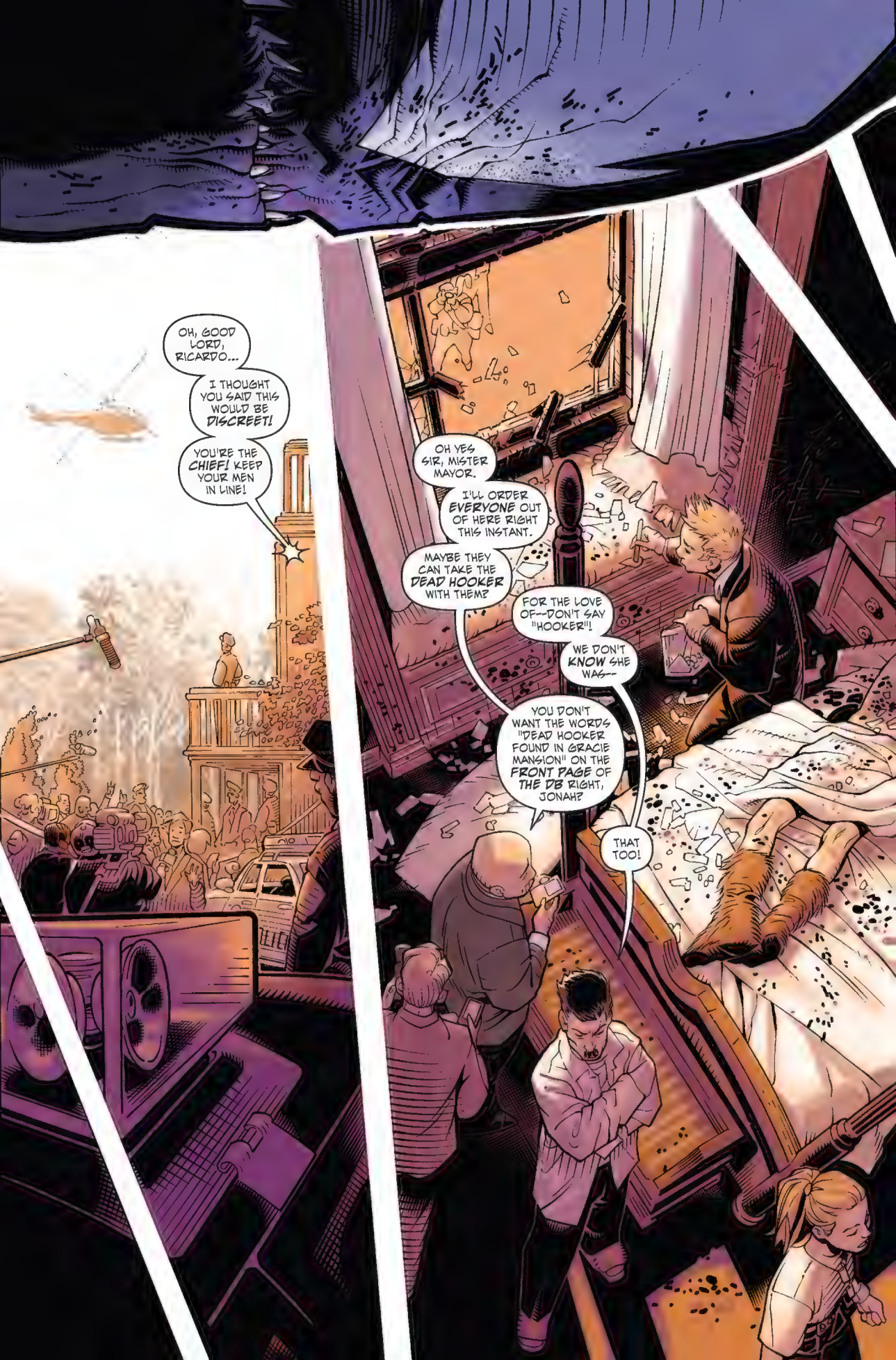
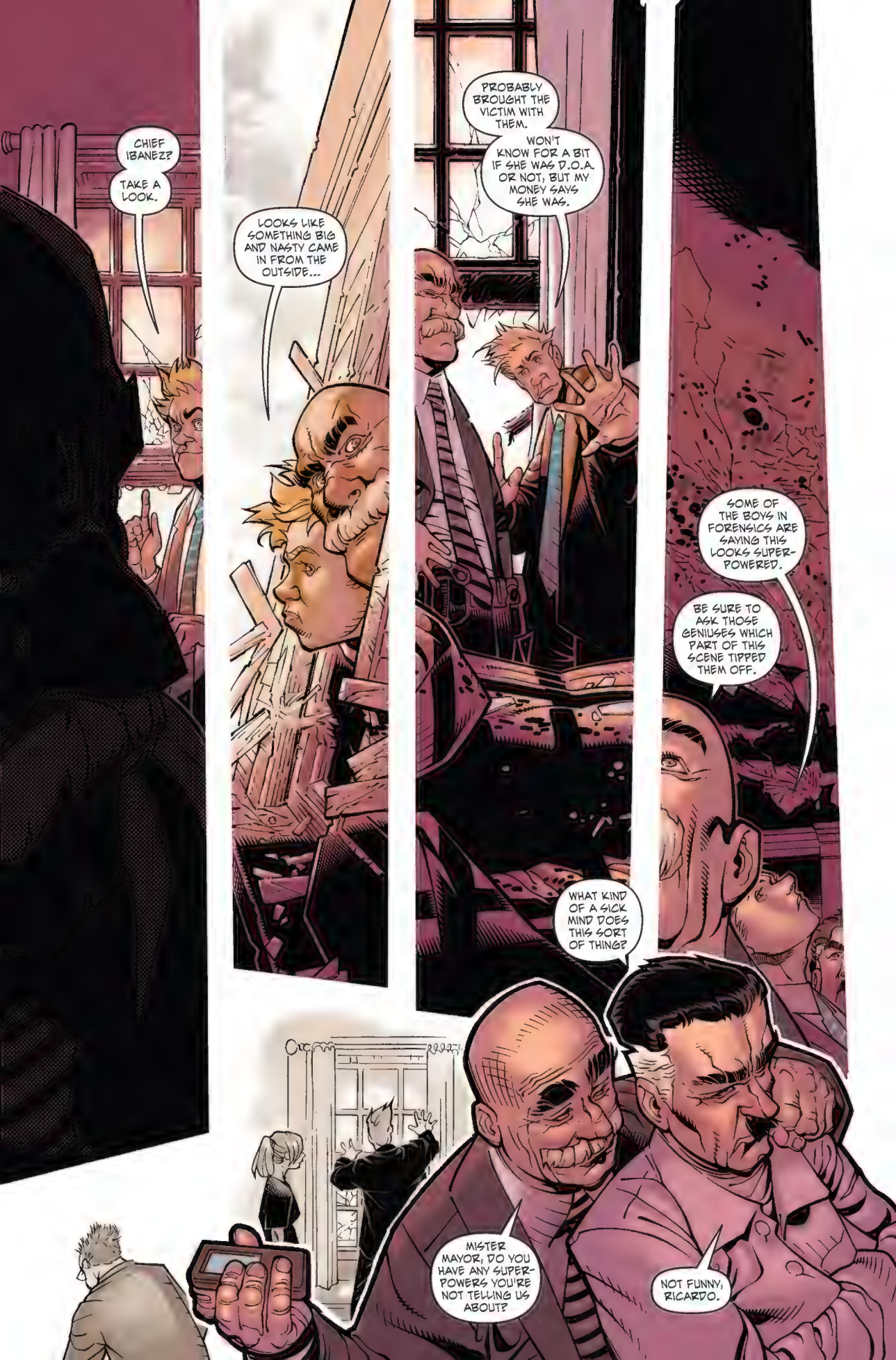
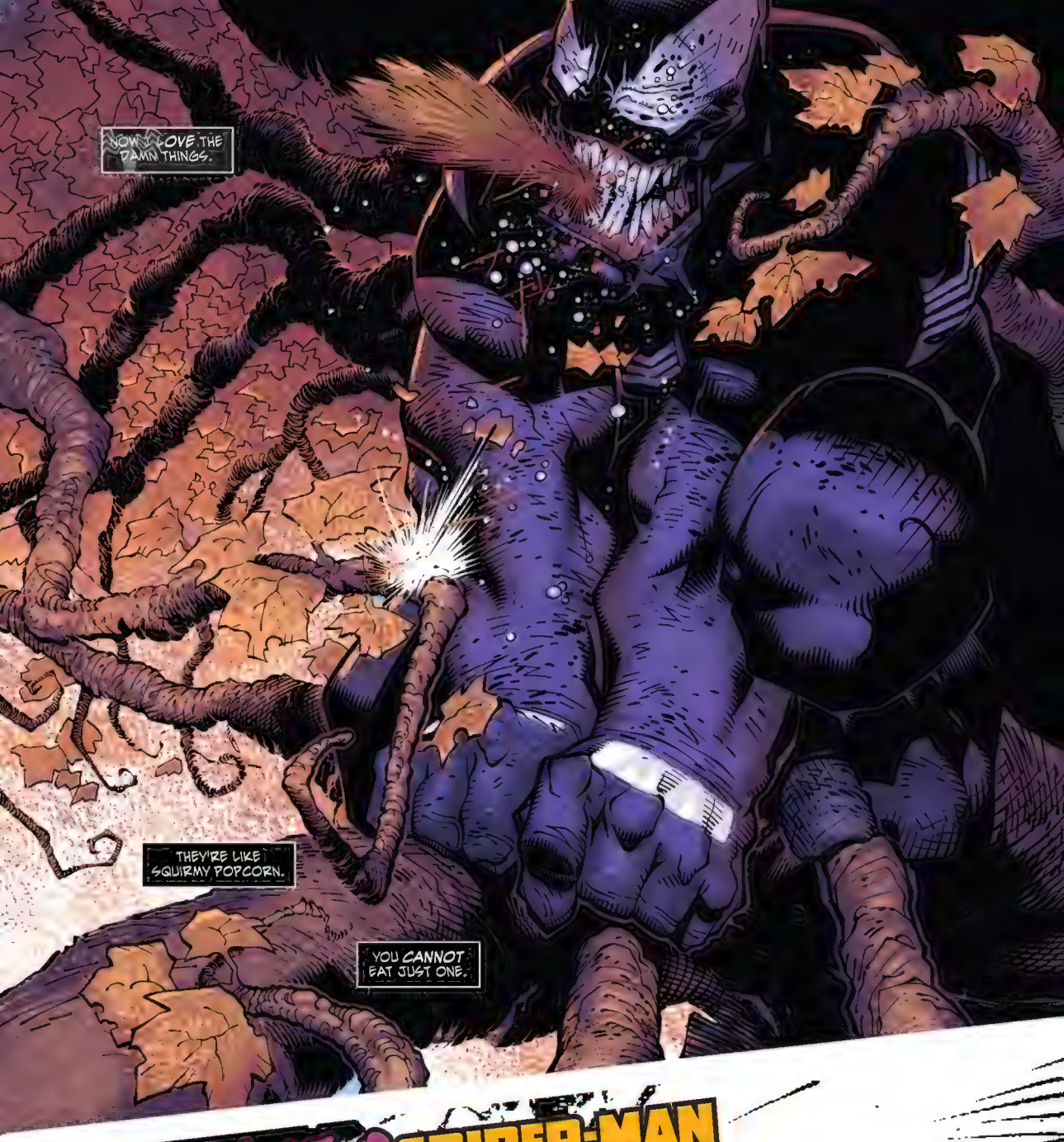

OH, GOOD LORD, RICARDO...
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WOULD BE DISCREET!
YOU'RE THE CHIEF! KEEP YOUR MEN IN LINE!
OH YES SIR, MISTER MAYOR.
I'LL ORDER EVERYONE OUT OF HERE RIGHT THIS INSTANT.
MAYBE THEY CAN TAKE THE DEAD HOOKER WITH THEM?
FOR THE LOVE OF--DON'T SAY "HOOKER"!
WE DON'T KNOW SHE WAS--
YOU DON'T WANT THE WORDS "DEAD HOOKER FOUND IN GRACIE MANSION" ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE DB RIGHT, JONAH?
THAT TOO!


CHIEF IBANEZ?
TAKE A LOOK.
LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING BIG AND NASTY CAME IN FROM THE OUTSIDE...
PROBABLY BROUGHT THE VICTIM WITH THEM.
WON'T KNOW FOR A BIT IF SHE WAS D.O.A. OR NOT, BUT MY MONEY SAYS SHE WAS.
SOME OF THE BOYS IN FORENSICS ARE SAYING THIS LOOKS SUPER-POWERED.
BE SURE TO ASK THOSE GENIUSES WHICH PART OF THIS SCENE TIPPED THEM OFF.
WHAT KIND OF A SICK MIND DOES THIS SORT OF THING?
MISTER MAYOR, DO YOU HAVE ANY SUPER-POWERS YOU'RE NOT TELLING US ABOUT?
NOT FUNNY, RICARDO.

I DATED THIS GIRL ONCE...
OKAY, MAYBE DATED IS TOO FORMAL A WORD FOR WHAT I DID WITH HER.
MAC GARGAN DON'T SO MUCH DATE AS...
ANYWAY.
CHICK DUG SQUIRRELS.
HAD 'EM TRAINED TO COME TO HER FIRE ESCAPE SO'S SHE COULD FEED 'EM PEANUTS OR WHATEVER.
I ALWAYS HATED THE LITTLE BASTARDS.
'COURSE, THIS IS BACK BEFORE I HAD THE SYMBIOTE SUIT THAT GIVES ME THESE CRAZY SPIDER POWERS.



THE SINISTER SPIDER-MAN CHAPTER TWO
WE NEED A HERO

BRIAN REED writer CHRIS BACHALO with ROB DISALVO pencils

TOWNSEND, MENDOZA, SIBAL & DISALVO inks BACHALO with MOSSA & FABELA colors JARED K. FLETCHER letters

editor THOMAS BRENNAN supervising editor STEPHEN WACKER executive editor TOM BREVOORT

editor in chief JOE QUESADA Publisher DAN BUCKLEY executive producer ALAN FINE

I THOUGHT HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE?
DUDE'S ALWAYS BEEN WHERE HE SAID. NO REASON HE WOULDN'T BE NOW.
AHHH...
KRUNCH KRUNCH KRUNCH
MY THREE O'CLOCK'S HERE.
SCHLURP
MUSTN'T KEEP THEM WAITING.

THIS HIM?
GENTLEMEN!
YEAH, THAT'S HIM.
LITTLE FELLA'S NAME IS HAM. I DID SOME DETECTIVE WORK AND FOUND OUT HE LIKES TO MAKE THINGS GO BOOM.
DOGS 'N CATS MOSTLY, BUT HE'S BEEN KNOWN TO BLOW UP A CAR OR TWO IN HIS DAY.
BIG GUY'S HIS BOSS, RED. NOW HIM, HE'S A LEGITIMATE PLAYER.
HE RUNS THE ROLLING SEVENS, WHICH MEANS HE CONTROLS MOST OF THE DRUG TRADE IN HARLEM.
HAM, HOW YOU DOIN'?
DOIN' GOOD, KILGORE.
DOIN' REAL GOOD.
YOU MUST BE RED.
AN' YOU MUST BE KILGORE TROUT.
I TOLD HAM MY NAME WAS KILGORE TROUT.
NEEDED AN ALIAS, AND I FIGURED THE ODDS OF HIM HAVING READ KURT VONNEGUT WERE PRETTY LOW.
WHAT? I WENT TO COLLEGE.
YOU GOT TO KNOW I DON'T LIKE MEETINGS LIKE THIS.
APPRECIATE IT EVEN LESS WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE NO MONEY WITH YOU.
WHAT CENTURY DO YOU THINK THIS IS?
THIS DRAWS OFF AN ACCOUNT IN THE CAYMANS. TOTALLY UNTRACEABLE. DO WITH IT WHAT YOU WILL.
SHLURP
I KNOW, RIGHT? WHERE'D A MOOK LIKE ME GET A QUARTER OF A MILLION BUCKS?

I'LL NEVER TELL.
THIS CRAP'S GOTTA BE WORTH SOMETHING.
AND JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS MONEY'S BUYING YOU?
THE PARK AVENUE PLAYERS?
HEARD OF 'EM.
THEY CAUSED ME SOME TROUBLE.
I WANT TO CAUSE SOME BACK.
A FEW HOURS LATER...
I WAS LYING OF COURSE.
NEVER MET ANY OF THE PARK AVENUE PLAYERS...
UNTIL...

NOW.

LISTEN UP, MOPES.

RED AND HAM FROM THE ROLLING SEVENS?

THEY RATTED YOU OUT!

THWACK
YOU SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO GUN-HAPPY IDIOTS LIKE THESE?
IT'S LIKE MIXING ACIDS AND...
THUK
...UHH...NOT ACIDS?
BASH
KRUNCH
SMOOCH
KRACK
BASH
LOOK, I DIDN'T EXACTLY PAY ATTENTION IN COLLEGE, OKAY?
ABOUT TEN MINUTES AFTER THAT...
I JUST BUSTED A SERIOUSLY WELL-STOCKED STASH HOUSE.
TOOK A COUPLE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF DRUGS OFF THE STREET IN A MATTER OF SECONDS.
TRIPLETS, EH?
=GIGGLE= SURE, ANT-MAN!
IN ONE AFTERNOON, I STARTED A MASSIVE WAR BETWEEN TWO OF NEW YORK CITY'S BIGGEST GANGS.

LET'S SEE HOW J. JONAH JAMESON DEALS WITH THAT.
AND FOUR DAYS LATER...
IT'S OUT OF CONTROL, JONAH!
THE STREETS ARE A SHOOTING GALLERY!
CRIME IS COMPLETELY RAMPANT IN THIS TOWN!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME THAT!
I CAN'T STEP OUTSIDE WITHOUT HAVING IDIOT REPORTERS ASKING FOR COMMENT!
I STARTED THE WEEK WITH A DEAD STRIPPER DEPOSITED IN MY BEDROOM!
AND SHE WAS A STRIPPER AND NOT A HOOKER, NO MATTER WHAT THAT DIRT RAG THE DB SAYS!
I KNOW THINGS ARE OUT OF CONTROL!
THE QUESTION IS...
WHAT THE HELL DO WE DO ABOUT IT, MANTELL?
WELL...
I HAVE AN IDEA.
BUT YOU AREN'T GOING TO LIKE IT.

Doctor Shep Gunderson's diary--
Wednesday, July 29th.
There is a darkness in the world...
4 5
Express to Brooklyn
An evil that masquerades as goodness and light.
His noble teammates have no idea of the cancer hiding amongst their ranks.
But I know.
I have seen his horror firsthand.
Unlike others...
...I know what he is capable of...

BROOKLYN PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL
...but we shall redeem the Spider-Man.
OKAY. I THINK WE SHOULD GET STARTED NOW. WHO'D LIKE TO GO FIRST?
CENSORED
ANYONE?
COME ON, FOLKS.
GROUP THERAPY IS A HIGHLY USEFUL TOOL. IT HELPS US ALL SEE WE'RE NOT WEAK.
THAT OTHERS SHARE OUR FOIBLES.
HIPPO? LET'S START WITH YOU, MMKAY?
SOMEBODY NEEDS TO GO FIRST. WHY NOT SHOW THE OTHERS HOW IT'S DONE?
I DUNNO, MR. REDEEMER, SIR.
:SIGH:
OKAY... I USED TO...

ZOO
I USED TO BE JUST A ZOO ANIMAL.
THEN ONE DAY, THIS WAS YEARS AGO, YEAH?
HOLD STILL... YEAH...DON'T FIGHT IT... OH WOW...YOU ARE SUCH A HIPPO...COME ON, HIPPO. BE A MAN NOW. YEAH... BE A MAN, HIPPO. BE A MAN.
AWW, CAN'T DO IT ON YOUR OWN? DON'T WORRY--THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY'LL MAKE YOU A MAN...FOR SCIENCE!
YOU SPEND TWENTY YEARS ROLLING AROUND IN THE MUD, AND EATING GRASS, AND BOOM! SOME GOOF IN PINK ARMOR MAKES YOU SEMI-HUMAN?
SUDDENLY YOU HAVE THE DESIRE FOR MATERIAL POSSESSIONS--BUT YOU ALSO KNOW THE JOB MARKET FOR A HUMANOID HIPPOPOTAMUS IS LESS THAN NOTHING...
SO YOU START ROBBING BANKS...THEN ONE DAY SPIDER-MAN BITES YOUR FREAKING LEG OFF.
WHO EVEN KNEW HE HAD TEETH?!
I KNOW HOW IT IS, FREUND.

MY KIND...WE WERE BUT WOLVES LIVING IN THE FOREST, UNTIL NAZI SCIENTISTS ABDUCTED US! TRYING TO CREATE A RACE OF NAZI ANIMAL MEN!
SEE NOW, CARL, THIS IS...
GENERAL WOLFRAM!
CARL.
HIPPO IS A REAL HIPPOPOTAMUS TURNED INTO A MAN.
YOU'RE JUST A MAN. IN A WOLF COSTUME.
OH GOD... IT'S TRUE. IT'S TRUE!
I'M A FAKE!
I DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WOULD NOTICE!
CARL, BUDDY, IT'S OKAY. WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU.
Y-YEAH?
SHHHH.

SHHHH.
ELEVEN? WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO NEXT?
WHAT?
ELEVEN, WE ALL NEED TO TAKE A MOMENT AND SHARE WITH THE OTHERS WHY WE WANT TO HELP REDEEM SPIDER-MAN--
I DON'T WANT TO HELP THAT WALKING TURD!
I WANT TO SHATTER HIS BONES!
OKAY... ELEVEN...WE'LL COME BACK TO YOU SO YOU CAN MAYBE SHARE LATER, OKAY?

LET'S SEE... VIC, WHY DON'T YOU--
MY NAME, KIND SIR, IS DEMENTOID!
YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER IT!
IT WOULD HELP IF WE ALL USED REAL NAMES IN THERAPY--
OH, NEVER MIND. LET'S JUST SHARE, YES?
SHARE HOW YOU CAME TO KNOW SPIDER-MAN.
I CREATED MY DEMENTOID GEL, YES?
I SLATHERED MYSELF IN IT, AND I...I CHANGED.
MY TOUCH CAN DRIVE MEN INSANE!
BUT NOT SPIDER-MAN! NO! NOT HIM!
HE ATE BOTH OF MY ARMS, AND SHOWED NO ILL EFFECTS!

HE WAS EITHER IMMUNE...
OR ALREADY INSANE.
SO IT WOULD SEEM...
WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN?
I AM DOCTOR EVERYTHING.
I SEE EVERYTHING.
I HEAR EVERYTHING.
I CAN DO ANYTHING.
CENSORED
EXCEPT PUT CLOTHES ON, APPARENTLY.
WHEN YOU HAVE ATTAINED OMNIPOTENCE, YOU REALIZE CLOTHING IS BUT A DISTRACTION.
DUDE, YOUR JUNK IS A DISTRACTION.
'SIDES, IF YOU CAN SEE AND DO EVERYTHING, WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP SPIDER-MAN FROM CHOMPING YOUR ARM OFF?

OH, I REMOVED MY OWN RIGHT ARM.
I HAVE NEVER MET THE SPIDER-MAN.

WHAT?! THEN WHY ARE YOU--

I HAVE FORGOTTEN WHAT IT IS TO BE HUMAN. TO FEEL PAIN. TO WANT FOR ANYTHING.
SO I HAVE MADE MYSELF LIKE ALL OF YOU.

ON THAT NOTE--
WONDERFUL SEGUE BY THE WAY, DOCTOR EVERYTHING--
THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO SHOW ALL OF YOU!

I WANT ALL OF US TO WORK TOGETHER TO BRING SPIDER-MAN NOT JUST TO JUSTICE, BUT TO A BETTER STATE OF MENTAL HEALTH, YEAH?
I WANT US TO ALL BE AT OUR BEST, AND STRONGEST...
SO I MADE A FEW PHONE CALLS, AND I GOT YOU ALL SOMETHING.
THIS IS SO COOL. YOU GUYS ARE GOING TO LOVE THIS.
SHUT UP.
NOW, THESE ARE JUST REVIEW MODELS, OKAY?
THE MANUFACTURER THINKS THEY'RE ON LOAN TO A MAGAZINE WRITER.
SO I'M GOING TO ASK YOU TO BE CAREFUL WITH THEM, OKAY? I DON'T HAVE THE KIND OF MONEY IT TAKES TO PAY FOR THEM IF THEY BREAK.
CENSORED
PACHYDERM POWER!
ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE!
LET'S GO SAVE SPIDER-MAN!

LOOK, OSBORN, WE'VE GOT A HISTORY...

I UNDERSTAND YOU *MIGHT* STILL BE UPSET ABOUT THINGS MY *NEWSPAPER* PUBLISHED ABOUT YOU--

THAT WAS *ANOTHER* LIFETIME, JONAH.

WE WERE BOTH *DIFFERENT MEN* THEN, WEREN'T WE?

CERTAINLY!

YES!

SO THEN... TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT YOU WANT.

I THOUGHT MY OFFICE EXPLAINED--

OH, THEY DID.

BUT I WANT TO HEAR YOU SAY IT.

NEW YORK NEEDS...

OH, HELL-- I NEED, OKAY?

I NEED A *HERO.*

AN AVENGER.

TO BE THE FACE OF CRIME-FIGHTING IN NEW YORK.

YOUR "AMERICAN SON" DIDN'T TAKE TOO WELL.

AND JUST WHO DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I WAS THINKING *MS. MARVEL.*

WERE YOU?

SEX SELLS, OSBORN!

AND THAT GAL'S GOT ENOUGH TO OPEN A *STRIP JOINT.*

BESIDES, NO TWO-BIT GOON WANTS TO GET HIS BUTT KICKED BY A GIRL.

A VALID POINT...

BUT I THINK I HAVE A *BETTER* IDEA.

LOOK, NEW YORK! A NEW DAY HAS DAWNED!
J. JONAH JAMESON AND SPIDER-MAN, SIDE-BY-SIDE!
GENIUS, AIN'T IT?
OH DAMN IT ALL RIGHT TO HELL.
OSBORN SAYS THIS IS TO KEEP ME OUT OF TROUBLE?!
THAT'S RIGHT, ASS.
KEEP SMILING FOR THE CAMERAS.
I PROMISED THIS CITY I'D SOLVE OUR CRIME PROBLEMS!
THIS IS HOW I'M GONNA DO IT!
ENJOY YOUR LITTLE MOMENT IN THE SPOTLIGHT.
AFTER HIS RECENT DRUG BUST, I SAID "I NEED SPIDER-MAN ON MY TEAM!" SO I GOT HIM!
'CAUSE GAME TIME'S OVER.
DEAD GIRLS? GANG WARS? SCREW ALL THAT NOISE.
I'M GONNA KILL HIZZONER FIRST CHANCE I GET.
TO BE CONTINUED!

the SINISTER SPIDER-MAIL

Send e-mail to
SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM
(please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

CRUCIAL ANNOUNCMENT THAT'S TOTALLY RELEVANT TO THIS COMIC!

Howdy folks, Mac Gargan here. By the time you read this mag, it'll be approximately four weeks since Tom Brennan's bike, Green Lightning, was stolen outside the Marvel offices. Now I like a good crime as much as the next man, but you've never seen a kid so broken up over a crappy French Canadian mountain bike (without the seat, no less) – so to the guys who stole it, I figure if you like bikes you must have two legs – and those are my favorite parts to eat. Keep frosty. And to Green Lightning, we here at Mighty Marvel say farewell, and hang tough:

Green Lightning: 2000-2009

Okay, on with the letters page. So issue #1 sold out, which is pretty rad. I'd thank ya but really I think you guys owe me the thanks for being so incredible that you had a reason to go outside (in the *sunlight*) and have a good reason to spend your hard earned cash. So – you're welcome! And to show how much I mean to all of you, now's time for another installment of Mac-N-Sleaze –where you give me your problems and I try not to let my Symbiote eat your brains. Ready, Symby?

BRAAAAAINS!

...alright. Our first letter comes from Chucko in CA.

Hey Mac,

i was wondering what is your favorite thing to eat and your least favorite thing to eat

-Chucko,
from the boring part of California

Hey Chucko, "i was wondering i was wondering" what your question is, given your lack of punctuation? Is "the boring part of California" just outside of MLA-Format-Need-Not-Apply-sylvania? Sheesh. Anyway, my least favorite thing: Fried Green Tomatoes. My favorite thing? The cast of "Fried Green Tomatoes." HA! Man, I've been waiting to use that one. Anyway, my favorite thing is most definitely the legs of bike thieves. My least favorite thing is Osborn hair. Gets caught in my teeth.

Yo, Mac!

I got a friend who's been having a lot of troubles with an alternate personality, and sometimes I come home to an argument between him and his "other". Seeing as you're getting along with your symbiote, I was hoping that you could give me pointers as to how to help him with his issue. Oh, and I got a friend here who wants his arm back. Badly.

--Orion,
San Jose, CA

Hey, "Orion",

Very believable name – you sure you're not the voice inside someone's head? Anyway, the key to successfully living with two personalities is compromise. I luck out cuz Symby over here has very simple wants and needs – eat people, eat brains, and (if we got time) kill Spider-Man. Right, Symby?

BRAINS! PEOPLE! SSSSSSPIDER-MAN!

Gravy. And me? I want limitless power and to be left alone. So for us, it works. We're like the Stockton and Malone of eating people and taking what we want. But I can understand some contention might happen with some people. Tell your friend to find some common ground with the voice in his head and work from there. Nothin's solved by working against yourself. As for your friend's arm, well, I got a friend who wants his bike back but that ain't happening. Suck it up.

Next letter's from...MARK WAID? It must be a hoax – a trick – a DREAM!

Dear Mac:

I have a 1972 Larson 16' boat with an Evinrude 50 two-stroke motor. Can overflow fittings be run to exit below the water level without a problem of draining?

--Mark Waid
The Less Boring Part of California, CA

I can't believe it – THE Mark Waid! Comic book icon! He's still *alive*? Looks like I owe Bullseye $36.50. Anyway, Mark, I'm game to pretend you have a boat but I'm no AquaNaut, so I've called in the Spidey-Office's Senior Boat Expert, Thomas F. Brennan, retired Captain in the Merchant Marines and father of this book's editor. Take it away, old guy!

An Evinrude 50 two stroke would indicate the motor is an outboard. If that is the case and the "overflow" you are referring to is the engine cooling water, then it is already being discharged with the exhaust through the motor's lower unit.

Brennan had to sit through two hours of NCIS and a lecture on how he should get a better bike lock before he could get that answer. I hope you're happy, Waid.

Dear Mac,

I'm home from college for the summer and I need a job. The problem is that nobody in the area is hiring. I still have 2 months until I go back to school and I'm bored out of my mind. What would you do in my situation?

Joshua L.
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

I'm not one to advise on employment, Josh – never much felt one should HAVE to have a job. I mean, I went from being a Private Eye to a professional super villain to a professional super villain-pretending-to-be-a-hero. I've pretty much made my living off scammin' folks. That's what I advise in your situation, Josh. You're in Ft. Lauderdale – plenty of wealthy folks to scam, scheme, con or otherwise shakedown. Promise to mow their lawns, do half and then demand pay before you do the rest. Then – leave. And eat their lawn mowers. That's what I'd do. Mainly, I'd eat the lawn mower.

Dear Venorpion,

What's it like being Spider man, and why are you so much cooler than Eddie Brock?

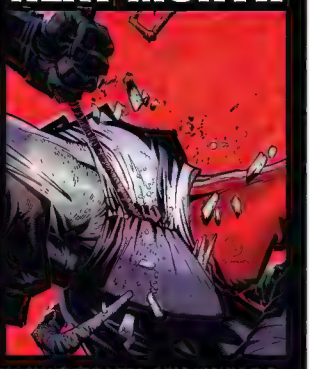
Jame Sugrue,
Manalapan, NJ

I could go on and on about how great I am, but that's what we pay Brian Reed the average-sized bucks for. Instead, I'm gonna let Symby handle this one. No one knows better about me AND Brock – he's the Thomas F. Brennan of psychopaths. Symby?

BROCK WAS WEAK – WEAK!!! WE WANTED TO FEAST; HE WANTED JUSTICE... JUSTICE FOR THE WEAK, THE COWARDLY, THE LAME! GARGAN GIVES US WHAT WE WANT...WELL EXCEPT FOR PLASMA TV OR NBA LEAGUE PASS...

Oh that Symby – he makes me feel like a violent Señor Wences. Remember Señor Wences? He was a ventriloquist in the 70s. Jeez, I thought you nerds were supposed to be smart. Umm...OK, how about "he's like a psychotic Triumph the Insult Comic Dog." Is that guy still around? Y'know, on that show with Conan? Is he still on TV? What do you want from me? This Avengers gig is the first time I've had a place to live that didn't charge by the hour since college. Ah, forget it, I'm outta here.

NEXT MONTH



DARK SPIDEY GETS PUNCHED IN THE FACE!
THE REDEEMER AND HIS GANG MAKE THEIR MOVE!
MAYOR JAMESON ATTENDS A CIVIC PLANNING MEETING!

Tom Brennan, Editor | Stephen Wacker, Supervising Editor | Tom Brevoort, Executive Editor | Joe Quesada, Editor in Chief | Dan Buckley, Publisher | Alan Fine, Executive Producer

MARVEL LIMITED SERIES

3 of 4

DARK REIGN

SINISTER SPIDER-MAN

OW.

REED
BACHALO
DiSALVO
TOWNSEND

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DESSERT

MIDNIGHT SNACK

GASSY

NAKED. It's weird

LUNCH

NERD

Dear Diary,

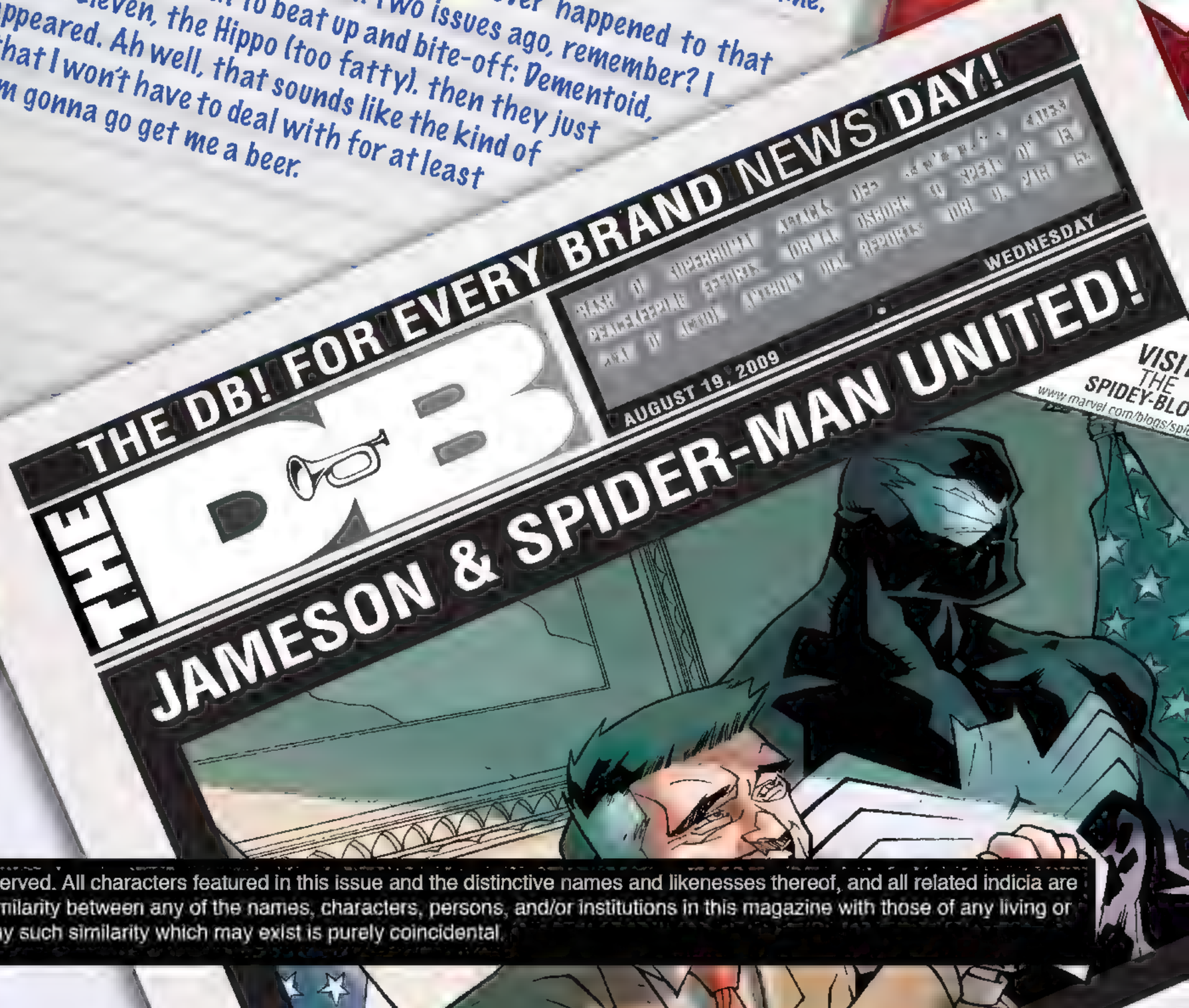
Boy, you'd think dropping a corpse in someone's bed would make that person less of a problem for you, not more. But I guess sometimes it smells to be Spider-Man. So yeah, I'm Mac Gargan. I like eating people, living in Avengers Tower and being celebrated for apparently being a super hero, the Amazing Spider-Man! But now I've gotta babysit hizzonner, Mayor J. Jonah Jameson. Can't I ever catch a break?!

.The Mayor and I got some history. He's the one who paid for me to get genetically enhanced and put me in the Scorpion costume a few years ago. And while I've been in and out of more correctional institutions than a Jersey Politician (ba-ZING!), he's been lauded as a defender of the people and elected Mayor.

So I decide to show him what he's up against and start ratcheting up the crime in this city. I dropped the dead body of a stripper in his bed and convinced two major gangs to go to war with each other. People are dying, bombs are exploding and Mayor Chaplin McHitler over there is losin' his mind. Good enough, right? Wrong. My boss, Stormin' Norman Osborn, decides to elect me the city's new local hero and puts me side-by-side with JJJ on the front lines of the gang war. So many jerks to eat, so little time.

Speaking of jerks to eat, I'm hungry. Whatever happened to that General Wolfram guy? I bit off his arm two issues ago, remember? I had a bunch of jerks like that to beat up and bite-off: Dementoid, that Goth chick Eleven, the Hippo (too fatty). then they just up and disappeared. Ah well, that sounds like the kind of plot twist that I won't have to deal with for at least 13 pages. I'm gonna go get me a beer.

Stankonia,
Mac



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ALL RIGHT, ONE MORE TIME FOR THE SLOW CROWD.

SLEEPY'S

NYC

THE 1st ANNUAL BIG APPLE FESTIVAL!

MAY 14-15 TIMES SQUARE

THESE TWO GANGS, YEAH? THE ROLLING SEVENS...

AND THE PARK AVENUE PLAYERS.

THEY'RE BOTH A BUNCHA NO-GOOD LOSERS, DEEP INTO DRUGS AND HOOKERS AND KILLING AND STEALING AND ALL THE THINGS YOU HEAR ABOUT ON TV.

I MIGHT'VE (MAYBE, KINDA) STARTED A CITYWIDE WAR BETWEEN THESE TWO GANGS A FEW DAYS BACK.

SEE, I CONVINCED BOTH SIDES THE OTHER ONE WAS MAKING A PLAY ON THEIR TERRITORY.

THESE MOPES AIN'T THE BRIGHTEST BUNCH ON THE STREETS, SO CONVINCING THEM TO KILL ONE ANOTHER WASN'T EXACTLY THE HARDEST TRICK TO PULL OFF.

BUT HERE'S A TIP FOR ANYBODY LOOKING TO STIR UP SOME CRAZY-- IF YOU START SPINNING PLATES, YOU GOTTA KEEP 'EM SPINNING OR THEY FALL DOWN.

YOU GOTTA MAINTAIN THE TROUBLE YOU'VE STARTED.

YOU GOTTA SPREAD RUMORS, TELL LIES, MAKE EVERYBODY THINK THE REST OF THE WORLD IS OUT TO GET 'EM.

THE OFFICES OF THE DB...

ANYWAY, THAT'S HOW I'VE SPENT THE LAST FEW DAYS.

I THINK IT'S WORKING OUT PRETTY WELL, TOO.

NYC

THE 1st ANNUAL BIG APPLE FESTIVAL!

A CELEBRATION OF NEW YORK!

MAY 14-15 TIMES SQUARE

THE DB

FINAL 75 CENTS

J. JONAH FLIP-FLOP!

FORMER "MENACE" NOW

J. JONAH JAMESON'S APPROVAL RATINGS ARE DROPPING LIKE MY PANTS AT ANY PUBLIC FUNCTION, AND EVERYBODY THINKS HE'S TRYING TO HIDE BEHIND ME.

EVERYBODY BUT THE DB THAT IS.

A FEW DAYS BACK, THE DB IS CALLING AVENGERS TOWER EVERY THREE MINUTES, BEGGING TO INTERVIEW ME.

BUT NOW THAT IDIOT-IN-CHIEF DEXTER BENNETT THINKS I'M JAMESON'S PET, HE'S DECIDED I SYMBOLIZE EVERYTHING THAT'S WRONG WITH NEW YORK.

NOW EARLIER TODAY, I THOUGHT IT'D BE FUNNY TO COME TAKE A POO ON BENNETT'S DESK...

GLURGGLE

THE SINISTER SPIDER-MAN
CHAPTER THREE: HALF MAN. HALF SPIDER. ALL AMAZING.

BRIAN REED writer
CHRIS BACHALO & ROB DISALVO pencils
ROB DISALVO with TOWNSEND, MENDOZA & SIBAL inks
ANDRES MOSSA with BACHALO & FABELA colors
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editor in chief JOE QUESADA Publisher DAN BUCKLEY executive producer ALAN FINE

THE NEXT MORNING...

GOOD MORNING, MS. BRANDO.

IT'S STILL "BRANT," MISTER BENNETT.

AMTOWER! IS THE BACK-GROUND CHECK INTO JAMESON'S DEAD HOOKER IN MY INBOX?

E-MAILED IT FIVE MINUTES AGO, MISTER BENNETT.

BY THE WAY, SHE WAS A STRIPPER, NOT A--

WE'LL CALL HER A "SEX WORKER" THEN.

THAT SOUNDS BETTER ANYWAY. MORE POLITICALLY CORRECT THAN "HOOKER" DON'T YOU THINK?

IT'S NOT EXACTLY ACCURATE--

WHEN I WANT ACCURATE, I'LL ASK FOR IT.

RIGHT NOW I WANT SOME COFFEE AND A--

FROM YOUR F-N-SPIDER-MAN

I WISH I COULDA SEEN THE LOOK ON DEXTURD'S FACE...

...INSTEAD OF LISTENING TO J. JONAH JACKASS,

I WAS GONNA KILL HIM.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO BE DOING, EXACTLY?

THEN I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE FUNNIER TO WATCH HIM SQUIRM WHILE NEW YORK FELL APART AROUND HIM.

MISTER MAYOR? THE PLANNING--

THERE'S A GANG WAR GOING ON!

YOU GOT POLICE, YEAH?

THE PLANNING COMMITTEE--

WE HAVE SPIDER-MAN!

AND I'M JUST SUPPOSED TO SNAP MY FINGERS AND SOLVE ALL YOUR PROBLEMS?

YOU WANT ME TO CALL OSBORN?

TELL HIM YOU'RE LOUNGING AROUND HERE AND NOT OUT STOPPING--

STARTING TO THINK I SHOULDA JUST ATE HIM ALREADY.

YOU BEGGED FOR MS. MARVEL AND YOU GOT ME.

WHICH IS GOOD, BECAUSE I GOT AN ADORING PUBLIC AND ALL SHE'S GOT IS CRABS.

SIR? THE MEETING IS SCHEDULED FOR--

SO YOU GO KVETCH TO OSBORN--TELL HIM YOU AIN'T HAPPY WITH MY JOB PERFORMANCE.

YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S GONNA DO?

HE'S GONNA TELL ME TO COME BACK TO THE TOWER AND STAY OUTTA YOUR WAY.

THEN WHO YOU GOT TO BLAME ALL YOUR TROUBLES ON?

BACK IN THE WAR?

I TORE A MAN'S EYEBROW OFF WITH MY TEETH.

I STILL WEAR IT!

'ZAT A THREAT?

MR. MAYOR...

WHAT?! DO?! YOU?! WAAAAAANT?!

SIR? THE MEETING IS SCHEDULED FOR--

RIGHT! YES! FINE!

YOU WANT TO SIT AROUND CITY HALL ALL DAMN DAY?!

GOOD! YOU'RE COMING TO THIS PLANNING MEETING!

HEY, WHAT YOU PLANNING FOR?

THE--THE FESTIVAL.

PRETEND LIKE I DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO ANYTHING I'M NOT DIRECTLY INVOLVED IN AND EXPLAIN THAT IDEA.

THE BIG APPLE FESTIVAL.

WE'VE BEEN PLANNING IT SINCE MAYOR JAMESON WAS ELECTED.

NOW IT'S THIS WEEKEND, AND WE HAVE TO IRON OUT THE SECURITY DETAILS WHICH ARE JUST CRAZY NUTS WHAT WITH THE GANG WAR.

NYC

THE 1st ANNUAL BIG APPLE FESTIVAL!

A CELEBRATION OF NEW YORK!

MAY 14-15 TIMES SQUARE

Join us for a weekend of FOOD, FUN, and FREEDOM!

MAY 14-15 TIMES SQUARE

HEH.

DID YOU JUST LAUGH?

MAYBE.

I'M NOT SUGGESTING A DRESS CODE, PER SE--BUT IF THE GANGS WEAR COLORS WE CAN IDENTIFY THEM BY...

DOOT DOOT.

I TOLD YOU TO SIT IN THAT CHAIR!

I DO MY BEST WORK ON THE CEILING.

MY HEART

YOU'RE NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE! GET OUT!

I DON'T NEED YOU OR YOUR--

SIR? CHIEF IBANEZ IS HERE. HE NEEDS TO SEE YOU--

I SHOULD LET THE CHIEF KNOW I'LL BE HEADING HOME AND NOT HELPING KEEP THE CITY SAFE FROM CRIME OR ANYTHING--

JUST GO! NOW! ONLY A MENTALLY DAMAGED FOOL WOULD WANT YOU HERE!

MY HEART

THANK GOD SPIDER-MAN'S HERE.

CHIEF IBANEZ. GOOD TO SEE YA. WHAT'S WITH ALL THE FACIAL HAIR? AIN'T ANYONE HEARD'A "MAN-GROOMER?"

ANYWAY, I WAS ACTUALLY JUST LEAVING.

NO! WE NEED YOU!

WE JUST GOT A CALL--A BOMB THREAT. THEY SAY THERE IS A NUCLEAR DEVICE INSIDE MANHATTAN AND THEY WILL DETONATE IT IF ANYONE BUT SPIDER-MAN COMES NEAR THE BUILDING.

VERY DIE HARD 3. SHOULDA SMELLED TROUBLE RIGHT THEN AND THERE.

WHY ME IN PARTICULAR?

WE DON'T KNOW YET. BUT WE'D LIKE YOU TO INVESTIGATE FOR US IF YOU WOULD.

I'LL DO THIS ONE FOR YOU...

BUT I'M GONNA NEED SOME BACK-UP...

WE'LL SPARE NO EXPENSE.

OH FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD...

FOR THE RECORD, WHEN YOU CONVINCE THE NEW YORK CHIEF OF POLICE TO SEND "EVERYONE YOU GOT" ON A CALL?

IT COSTS THE CITY SOMEWHERE NORTH OF TWO MILLION BUCKS.

YEAH... MAYBE LETTING JAMESON LIVE *IS* FUNNIER.

ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE!

LIKE I WAS SAYING... I SHOULDA KNOWN SOMETHING WAS UP.

WHY CALL ME OUT IN PARTICULAR, ESPECIALLY WITH A NUCLEAR WEAPON?

OKAY... WHO ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?

DEMENTOID

GENERAL WOLFRAM

SPIDER-MAN, I AM THE REDEEMER!

I COME TO YOU WITH AN ULTIMATUM!

ELEVEN

DOCTOR EVERYTHING

THE HIPPO

AND JUST LIKE THAT-- I LOST ALL INTEREST.

I GOT HALF THE NYPD OUT HERE. THEY'LL WANT TO TALK TO YOU GUYS.

YOU WILL MEET OUR DEMANDS, OR--

OR--

WE'LL PUT YOU DOWN!

DEMANDS?

I COULD EAT ALL OF YOU BEFORE YOU BLINK-- AND YOU'RE TALKING DEMANDS?

HANG ON A SECOND. I HAVE A LIST.

YOU WILL ISSUE A PUBLIC APOLOGY TO YOUR VICTIMS.

YOU WILL AGREE TO ATTEND AND PARTICIPATE IN ANGER MANAGEMENT CLASSES.

YOU WILL DONATE AN AMOUNT OF TIME TO BE DETERMINED-- BUT TO BE NO LESS THAN 1,000 HOURS-- TO CHARITY WORK.

OR I COULD JUST KILL ALL OF YOU.

SEE? THAT'S NOT AT ALL THE SPIRIT OF THIS DISCUSSION.

YOU ARE FASCINATING.

WHEN I LOOK AT YOU, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOU.

NOTHING!

I CANNOT PREDICT YOUR BEHAVIOR OR YOUR--

MAYBE YOU COULD STEP OFF?

TAKE YOUR NAKED SELF BACK OVER THERE WITH YOUR FRIENDS?

OH, SCREW THIS--

LET'S KILL HIM NOW!

THUNK

OH **** THAT **** WAS SO **** I OUGHTA **** YOU RIGHT **** UPSIDE THE **** WITH YOUR **** OWN **** ****

DIE ALREADY!

CHOMP

WHO'S NEXT?!

CLUNK

ENOUGH!

I WILL SEAL YOUR MOUTH AND THOSE TEETH WILL NOT HARM ANOTHER SOUL.

THESE IDIOTS THINK I ONLY GOT ONE MOUTH?

I GOT HIM!

I GOT HIM!

OH! MY! G--

AHHHHHHD!

THE SYMBIOTE'S GOT AS MANY MOUTHS AS IT NEEDS.

KRAKOOM

OH, GOD! WHY?!

YAHHH!

UNF!

BASH

OH, SCREW THIS NOISE! I'M OUTTA--

THWACK

UNFFF!

KRUNCH

HELP

I'M... IN...HIS... SPHINCTER...

KRACK

WELL, THIS HAS TURNED OUT IN A MOST UNEXPECTED--

WHAM

TING!

SO... COLD...

NOW YOU AND ME ARE GONNA TALK.

I THINK WE GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT--

OH? WELL THEN, LET'S START WITH THE **RIGHT** FOOT.

YAAAHHH!

20 MINUTES LATER...

ALL I FOUND WAS THIS GUY.

3

CENSORED

I THINK HE'S MAGIC OR SOMETHING? I DUNNO.

I LOOKED EVERYWHERE. I DIDN'T SEE ANY BOMBS OR NOTHING.

JUST HIS BAIT AND TACKLE.

POLICE

=URP=

YEAH, ANY-WAYS...

AVENGERS ASSEMBLED AND ALL THAT.

BROOKLYN PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. LATER...

HE ATE THE OTHERS. TURNED DOCTOR EVERYTHING OVER TO THE POLICE...

WHY DID HE LET THE THREE OF US LIVE?

BECAUSE HE LIKES TO TOY WITH HIS FOOD, THIS ONE.

AT LEAST SOME OF HIS FOOD, I MEAN...

LISTEN... PEOPLE...

WE LOST OUR FIRST BATTLE WITH THE SPIDER-MAN, BUT WE HAVE NOT LOST THE WAR.

YOU KNOW WHAT?

I'M WILLING TO CALL IT LOST.

NO. THERE IS A PLAN B.

B.

"BUTTHOLE" STARTS WITH B.

IN THIS ENVELOPE--

IN.

THIS.

ENVELOPE.

OH! RIGHT. SORRY.

IN THIS ENVELOPE IS PLAN B.

CITY HALL.

WHERE DID THESE COME FROM?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR.

ANYBODY ELSE SEEN WHAT'S IN HERE?

YOU JUST OPENED THE ENVELOPE YOURSELF, MISTER MAYOR--

GET OUT. NOW. YOU WERE NEVER HERE TONIGHT. THIS ENVELOPE NEVER CAME.

CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND YOU!

Y-YES SIR.

I'VE GOT YOU NOW, YOU WEB-SPINNING ASS.

I'VE GOT YOU NOW.

WILL MAC GARGAN GET OUT OF THIS JAM?! (probably)

MARVEL LIMITED SERIES
4 of 4

DARK REIGN

SINISTER SPIDER-MAN

REED
BACHALO
DiSALVO
TOWNSEND

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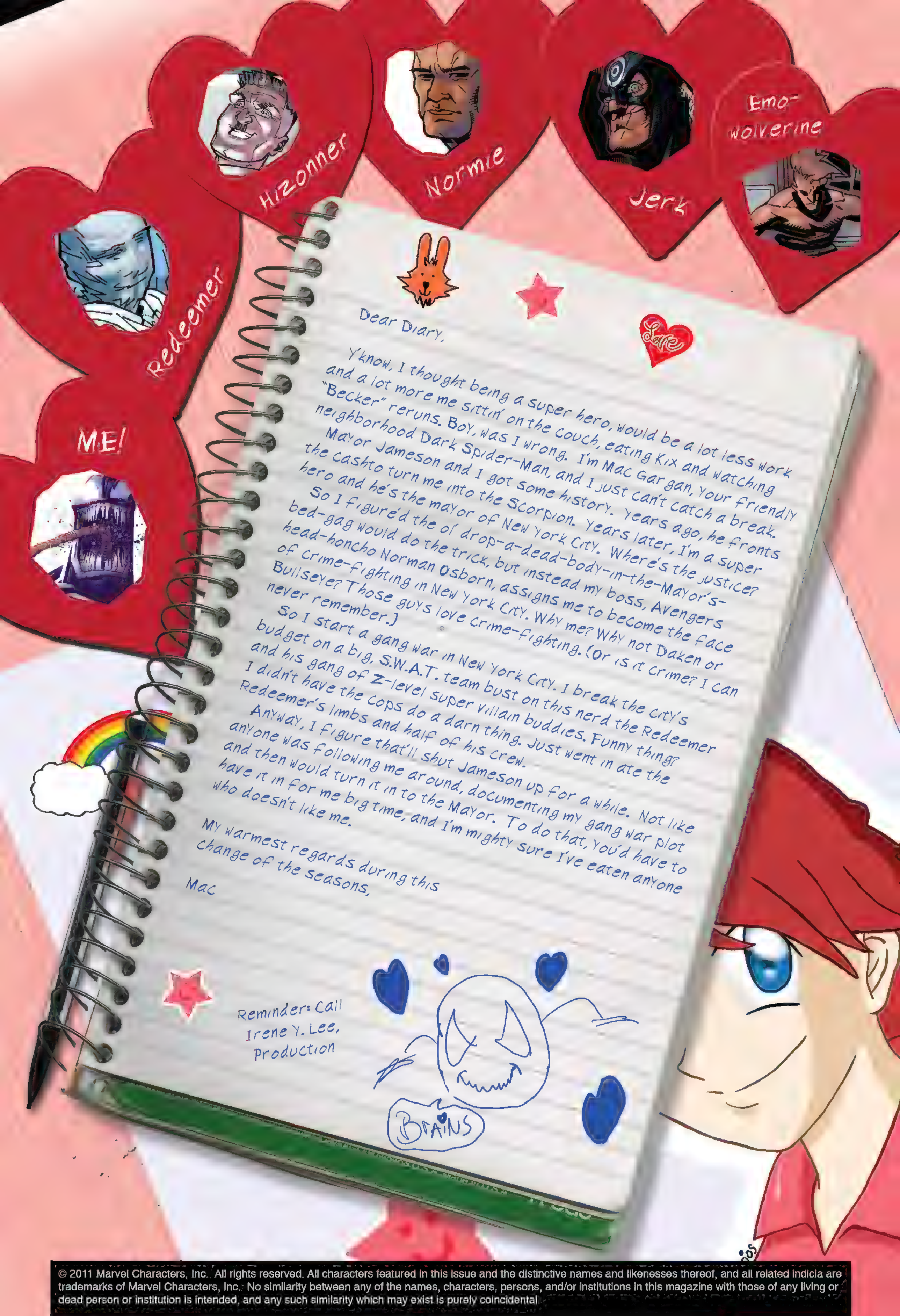
Redeemer
Hizonner
Normie
Jerk
Emo-Wolverine
ME!
Dear Diary,
Y'know, I thought being a super hero, would be a lot less work and a lot more me sittin' on the couch, eating Kix and watching "Becker" reruns. Boy, was I wrong. I'm Mac Gargan, your friendly neighborhood Dark Spider-Man, and I just can't catch a break. Mayor Jameson and I got some history. Years ago, he fronts the cash to turn me into the Scorpion. Years later, I'm a super hero and he's the mayor of New York City. Where's the justice?
So I figured the ol' drop-a-dead-body-in-the-Mayor's-bed-gag would do the trick, but instead my boss, Avengers head-honcho Norman Osborn, assigns me to become the face of crime-fighting in New York City. Why me? Why not Daken or Bullseye? Those guys love crime-fighting. (Or is it crime? I can never remember.)
So I start a gang war in New York City. I break the city's budget on a big, S.W.A.T. team bust on this nerd the Redeemer and his gang of Z-level super villain buddies. Funny thing? I didn't have the cops do a darn thing. Just went in ate the Redeemer's limbs and half of his crew.
Anyway, I figure that'll shut Jameson up for a while. Not like anyone was following me around, documenting my gang war plot and then would turn it in to the Mayor. To do that, you'd have to have it in for me big time, and I'm mighty sure I've eaten anyone who doesn't like me.
My warmest regards during this change of the seasons,
Mac
Reminder: Call Irene Y. Lee, Production
BRAINS

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TIMES SQUARE...TODAY.

I KNOW HUH?

WHAT THE XXXX IS THIS XXXX ALL ABOUT?!

SINISTER SPIDER-MAN: CHAPTER 4

WHAT THE IS THIS ALL ABOUT?!

CHRIS BACHALO W/ BRIAN REED WRITER
ROB DISALVO PENCILS
TOWNSEND, DISALVO, SIBAL, IRWIN, WONG & MENDOZA INKS
BACHALO W/FABELA & MOSSA COLOR
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
TOM BRENNAN EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER SUPERVISING
TOM BREVOORT NOT
JOE QUESADA RESPONSIBLE
DAN BUCKLEY IN THE LEAST
ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

I HAVE THE BIG APPLE FESTIVAL STARTING TOMORROW!
NOW I FIND OUT THE MAN WHO IS SUPPOSED TO BE KEEPING THIS CITY SAFE--
ASSUMING THESE ARE LEGITIMATE PHOTOS, OF COURSE.
OH, THEY'RE LEGIT ALL RIGHT!
ASSUMING THEY ARE LEGITIMATE, WHAT DO THEY PROVE?

AND ONCE HE DENIES THEM?
BECAUSE HE'LL DO THAT! HE IS JUST THE KIND OF LYING ASS--
IF SPIDER-MAN SAYS HE IS INNOCENT, THEN I WILL BELIEVE HIM.
SPIDER-MAN IS A HERO, MISTER JAMESON, WHILE YOU ARE A POLITICIAN.

I HAVE SPIDER-MAN ON MY TEAM FOR A REASON.
I WILL DISCUSS THESE PHOTOS AND RECORDINGS WITH HIM...
AND THEN I WILL DEAL WITH THE SITUATION AS I SEE FIT.

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST FROM ME, OSBORN!
I SUSPECT I HAVE, MISTER JAMESON. GOOD DAY.
DEET
BULLSEYE. DAKEN. COME HERE. I NEED YOU.
AND BRING YOUR OLD COSTUMES WITH YOU.
DEET
MS. HAND?
PLEASE ORGANIZE A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS FOR REPLACEMENT SPIDER-MEN.
I HAVE A LIST OF CANDIDATES IN MY FILES.

THE BIG APPLE FESTIVAL IS J. JONAH JAMESON'S ATTEMPT AT DISTRACTING THE CITY OF NEW YORK FROM THE FACT THE STREETS AREN'T SAFE, AND THE ECONOMY IS IN THE TOILET.

MY JOB AT THIS SHINDIG IS TO SWING AROUND, WAVE AT THE TOURISTS AND MAKE EVERYBODY FEEL SAFE.

BUT I KEEP GETTING DISTRACTED...

ARE YOU *REALLY* A JUDGE FOR THE *MISS BIG APPLE CONTEST?*

INDEED I AM. AND THIS HERE IS THE TALENT PORTION OF THE COMPETITION.

NOW SHOW DADDY WHAT YOUR TALENT IS.

SPIDER-MAN IS HERE, GENERAL WOLFRAM.

I *KNOW* HE IS HERE.

YES. OF COURSE HE IS HERE, REDEEMER.

WE SAW THAT COMMERCIAL ON TV.

COME TO THE BIG APPLE FESTIVAL!

MEET SPIDER-MAN!

BRING THE KIDS!

NO. I CAN SENSE HIM.

THE EVIL, I MEAN.

I CAN SENSE THE EVIL.

YOU SEE HIM?

OVER THERE.

WELL THEN...LET'S GET GOING.

ARE YOU GUYS SURE WE HAVE TO BE HERE?

I *REALLY* DO NOT WANT TO BE HERE.

LOOKIN' FOR THE REDEEMER.

YOU HIM?

I AM THE REDEEMER, YES.

YOU MUST BE MISTER DONOVAN?

LEADER OF THE ROLLING SEVENS?

YEAH. THAT'S ME. WE GOT YOUR PICTURES OF SPIDER-MAN AND HOW HE'S BEEN SCREW'N OUR GANG OVER. YOU GOIN' AFTER HIM, WE WANT IN.

WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS?

I GOT A COUPLE *ROLLING SEVENS TURDS* FLOATING IN MY *TIMES SQUARE PUNCH BOWL.*

YOU BOYS'RE A FEW BLOCKS TOO FAR *SOUTH,* AIN'T YA?

THEY ARE HERE BECAUSE OF ME!

I SENT THE *PARK AVENUE PLAYERS* THE SAME *EVIDENCE* AS THE ROLLING SEVENS. SPIDER-MAN HAS WOUNDED BOTH YOUR GANGS, YEAH? I WANT TO *HEAL* THOSE WOUNDS. HEAL THIS CITY AND STOP THE GANG WAR SPIDER-MAN STARTED!

TELL YOU WHAT...

I'M COOL WITH THAT.

YOU?

YEAH. I GUESS.

SHAME THOUGH...

WHAT'S A SHAME IN US HAVING A TRUCE?

MAKES BUSINESS BETTER FOR ALL INVOLVED.

NAW, I'M FINE WITH THAT.

BUT WE'RE HERE TO KILL SPIDER-MAN, AND WE'RE MISS'N OUT ON ALL THIS.

I MEAN, IT LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BE FUN, YEAH?

THEY GOT A *TILT-A-WHIRL.*

TILT-A-WHIR

I LOVE ME SOME TILT-A-WHIRL!

WHERE IS HE?!

I DON'T KNOW, SIR. SPIDER-MAN IS SUPPOSED TO BE WAITING HERE--

SONUVA... I NEVER SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THOSE PHOTOS TO OSBORN. SHOULDA GOT CHIEF IBANEZ ON THE HORN. HE WOULD HAVE--

WHERE ARE THE BEAUTY CONTESTANTS?

WHERE ARE *ANY* OF THE BANDS WE SIGNED FOR THIS SHOW?!

WHY IS EVERYTHING FALLING APART AROUND HERE?!

I'VE GOT A SHOW TO START!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE MAYOR OF THE GREATEST CITY ON EARTH, THE ONE, THE ONLY, J. JONAH JAMESON!

HELLO, NEW YORK CITY!

Yay!

ARE WE READY TO HAVE SOME REAL FUN HERE TODAY?

:COUGH:

HEY, I HEARD YOU WAS LOOKING FOR ME?

YAY!

'SUP STACHE?

A DOG'D BE FUN.

THWIP!

YAY!

HEH.

IT'S A DOG.

FUN?

JUST SAY'N. MAYOR'S RIGHT, DAKEN.

WE OUGHTTA HAVE US SOME FUN.

LEFT EYE OR RIGHT?

WHICH WILL BE MORE CHALLENGING?

FROM THIS ANGLE?

USING A YAP DOG?

UM... LEFT EYE.

LEFT, THEN.

WHAT MY FRIEND SPIDER-MAN AND I ARE HERE TO SAY IS THAT NEW YORK'S BEEN IN SOME TOUGH SCRAPES LATELY, BUT WE'LL POWER THROUGH.

CHWP!

CUZ IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE DOG IN THE FIGHT...

YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP

...IT'S THE SIZE OF THE FIGHT IN THE--

YAP YAP YAP YAP

DOG!

YAP YAP YAP YAP

SPLURTCH

AHHHHH!

DOG IN THE EYE!

DOG!

DAMMIT!

HEY YA, MAC!

SHUNK

OH NO. NO NO NO. THIS ISN'T THE PLAN AT ALL!

GENERAL WOLFRAM! GET UP THERE!

THIS WAS A GOOD IDEA, MAN.

WE NEED TO TAKE A DAY OFF EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE FROM BEING ALL GANGSTER AND--

YO, WHAT'S HAPPENING ON THE STAGE?

YOU CAN'T KILL ME! I'M SPIDER-MAN!

NAH, YER AN IMPOSTOR THAT GOT IN OVER HIS HEAD FIGHTING TWO OF THE NASTIEST S.O.B.S IN NYC.

PLEASE, LORD, LET ME HAVE ANOTHER HEART ATTACK...

OSBORN WAS WRITING UP THE PRESS RELEASE WHEN WE WAS LEAVIN' AVENGERS TOWER!

WOW, NO ONE TOLD ME WE'D HAVE A STUNT SHOW!

KRASSH

WE'RE MISSING OUR CHANCE TO KILL HIM!

DON'T JUST STAND HERE! GO GET HIM!

THAT'S IT GARGAN...

NO MORE MISTER NICE GUY!

THWIP

THWIP

THWIP

HEY! *WE'RE* HERE TO KILL HIM!

YOU BACK THE HELL OFF!

SHFLUP

SHFLUP

SHFLUP

SHFLUP

THEY... THEY'RE KILLING HIM.

YES! THEY NEED TO BE STOPPED!

NO...THEY NEED TO BE *HELPED!*

SO, YEAH... THAT'S HOW THIS HAPPENED.

ALL RIGHT... NO ONE RUINS A CARNIVAL ON MY WATCH!

THAK

GET OFFA ME!

BRNCH

CHOMP

CRRKKK

TSSSHHH

!!!

BLAM

WHAT THE--OH NO...

YOU ☠☠☠☠ ARE ALL GONNA KNOCK THIS ☠☠☠☠ OFF RIGHT NOW!

THAT'S BULLSEYE!

THE LOGO ON HIS HEAD'S A DEAD GIVEAWAY.

AND THE LEADERS OF BOTH THE ROLLING SEVENS AND THE PARK AVENUE PLAYERS?

HEH... YEAH. I GUESS SO.

YAY! YAY! YAY! YAY!

YOU TWO MEN ARE *HEROES!*

YAY! YAY! YAY! YAY!

CHIEF IBANEZ, WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT SPIDER-MAN--

INDEED WE DO.

MAYOR JAMESON, YOU AND SPIDER-MAN HAVE WORKED TOGETHER TO STOP THE GANG WAR THAT WAS ROCKING THIS CITY.

NO! NO! NO!

N.Y.P.D

POP

YAP YAP YAP YAP

YAP YAP

THAT WAS SOMETHING ELSE, WASN'T IT? I SAVED SPIDER-MAN'S LIFE, NEW YORK!

ME!

J. JONAH JAMESON!

THIS IS *BEYOND UNACCEPTABLE!*

WHAT'S THAT?

YOU! YOU ARE NO HERO!

GOT A COUPLE A THOUSAND PEOPLE HERE THAT'D DISAGREE WITH YA.

PROBLEM, SPIDER-MAN?

YES, THERE IS A PROBLEM! THIS MAN IS A PSYCHO-PATH! I TRIED SO HARD TO SAVE HIM FROM HIMSELF! TO SAVE THE CITY FROM HIS CRUEL JUSTICE!

BUT NO! THIS CESSPOOL WE CALL CIVILIZATION CELEBRATES HIM!

I SENT THE GANG LEADERS INFORMATION! HAD THEM COME HERE TODAY SO--

YOU WORKED WITH THE GANGS TO KILL SPIDER-MAN?!

I WANTED HIM OFF THE STREETS! I WAS TRYING TO MAKE NEW YORK A BETTER PLACE!

BUT I WAS WRONG TO TRY AND HELP!

I SHOULD HAVE LET THEM KILL HIM!

SPIDER-MAN MUST DIE!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'LL BE WANTING TO ARREST HIM THEN.

IT'S A HELL OF A PLEASURE WORKING WITH YOU, SPIDER-MAN.

NEW YORK NEEDS MORE LIKE YOU.

GAAAAAHHH! WE DON'T!

TWO DAYS LATER...

BULLSEYE AND DAKEN ARE HOME...

THEY MAD?

THEY WILL GET OVER IT.

WHY'D YOU SEND 'EM TO KILL ME, NORMAN?

YOU WERE CAUSING MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU WERE WORTH.

AND NOW?

NOW YOU LEARN TO BEHAVE. OR NEXT TIME I'LL SUIT UP MYSELF.

ANY TIME, CORN ROWS.

I GOTTA DATE, SO I'M GONNA BLOW.

THERE IS A LESSON TO BE LEARNED HERE, GARGAN.

YOU BET THERE IS.

IF YOU *START* EATING SOMEBODY, YOU *FINISH* THE JOB.

WHATEVER LIFE HOLDS IN STORE FOR ME...

I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS ONE SIMPLE FACT--

I CAN GET ANY CHICK IN THIS TOWN.

THIS IS MY GIFT, MY CURSE.

WHO AM I?

BABY...

...I'M SPIDER-MAN.

THE END

the SINISTER SPIDER-MAIL

Send e-mail to
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(please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)

They say all good things must come to an end, and if that's good enough for good things, it's good enough for this letter column. Yes, folks, this is the last Sinister Spider-Mail that I, your humbly horrible host Mac Gargan will offer...for now. We've had a helluva run together: Mark Waid claimed to own a boat, there was some guy who pretended his name was Orion, Tom Brennan's bike was stolen, a girl sent in a letter at one point and then we got a ton of letters whose spelling & grammar usage can only be classified as crimes against the English language. Let's take one last look through the ol' Mailbag. It's time for Mac-N-Sleeze!

Hey Mac!

I'm a little down on my luck at the moment, Mac. I've been working at a bank for about 5 years now, not your normal bank either. I'm talking about The Bank for Banks, so yeah LOADED, and it seems with how things been going lately, everyone is downsizing. My bank's about to do the same. In about 8 more months they will be selecting 4 people to be laid off, and no one knows who. Could be me for all I know, out on the streets where no one's hiring, no more insurance, no money for rent, no money for more awesome D.R. Sinister Spiderman and my wife is going to have to ask her parents if we could move in. So what I'd like to ask you is: Mac if you had the number one pick in this year's fantasy football draft, who would you select and why?

Richard Padron
Miami Fl

Richard, I think I figured out the source of your misfortune.

PICK LENDALE WHITE!

That Symby's always rooting for a Tennessee team.

Dear Mac,

It's sad that the next issue is the last (4/4). It would be great if this comic could be a regular series. What I can say, you rulz. You're the best Spider-Man and the best Venom ever. I need some advice, I'm a cool guy with an interesting life, I date hot girls and all was fine. Always all under control.

But last week my ex, the only girl I ever (really) loved, returned to my neighborhood and that is freaking me, cuz she really hates me so much now and I love her so much. We broke up and got back together more times than I can remember. When I see her on the street, my stomach goes sick. I used to kick ass and all that stuff, but now I'm bored and she is the only thing in my head. I know, pathetic.

What I must do, ol' Mac?

Irvin.
Mexico City, Mexico.

First of all, Irvin, thank you for confirming what I've long argued: Mexico City readers believe I "rulz." Very good. As for your lady problems, I'm really impressed with the amount of lady problems I'm getting from you goons. Well, I wish I could give you something better than my standard "just hang in there, it'll get better" jazz. Especially since that's pretty much not true. It's pretty much always a hassle with love. But I'll tell ya what worked for me: move into a super hero HQ, get a ton of money and a cool leather couch and steal someone else's identity. Then she'll pretty much be all over you. And great with a side salad.

So Mac/Simby,

Here're a few questions I've been wanting to ask you:

(A) Why don't you call yourselves "we" anymore?

(B) Why don't you use a tail anymore?

(C) I'm getting a new dog, how would you call a dog if you owned one?

(D) Have you read your Wikipedia page?

(E) Do you just eat the strippers?

(F) And its true Daken was hitting on you?

It'd be cool to see you in more standalone series

Gabriel V, Chile

Gabriel,

Jeez, you get paid by the question mark to write letters down in Chile?

(A) I don't say "we" cuz I'm not some sissy elitist like Brock.

(B) What?

(C) You saw what happened last time I ran into a dog. I'd call it lunch.

(D) Read it? I wrote it! I also wrote the pages for Vice President Biden, Sam Lloyd and Tom Brevoort. We all eat brains, it seemed like I'd be a natural to tell their stories.

(E) I eat most anything. Strippers, school buses, grapes. If it's something that can be eaten, I'll down it.

(F) 'Course it's true. Who wouldn't?

Mr. Gargan,

With all the controversy over healthcare down in the United States, we in Canada can't help but wonder: What do you think about the United States Healthcare System?

--Robyn & Matt Bremner
Toronto, Canada

I don't get paid to think.

Dear Mac,

You are the best Venom ever! But want to know from your symbiote: How did you feel about your grandkid Toxin? And Mac, did you know your symbiote had a grandchild?

From,
Anthony Viola
Age 9
Doylestown,P.A

Well, Anthony, me an' Symby don't have much to say about Toxin. Yeah, I know about him. Stopped by at last year's family barbecue. (Woof...you do NOT want to show up to that thing after hour five. Once Aunt Gladys gets her third glass of Brains-Punch...it gets pretty ugly) The thing is, your kids grow up and leave ya. It's unavoidable, nothing ever lasts. We miss the guy and we wish he'd find the good sense to stop HELPING people and start hurting 'em like us. Symby, anything to say about Toxin?

I DON'T CARE FOR THE RED COSTUME. SO 1997.

Snaps! Well, that's it for the mail bag. I've had a ton of fun but now we're done. So as the clock runs out on this NBA Eastern Conference finals that is life, thanks for the fun. Now me, I'm still looking for the Steel Spider. Those limbs...so juicy and in-need-of-being-devoured.

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